

LIBRARY
V. S. COLLEGE

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,685, Vol. 65.

February 11, 1888.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

IT would be too much to say that Mr. GLADSTONE deliberately goes about to place his party in supremely ridiculous positions. We do not think, indeed, that his sense of humour is strong enough to recommend to him any such diversion. Other explanations must be sought for the fact that he so frequently allows his followers to involve themselves up to the eyes in all sorts of Parliamentary undertakings, and then at the last moment leaves them in the lurch. It cannot be solely out of mere love of surprising the public—though Mr. GLADSTONE is not superior to that passion—nor out of mere wanton desire to indulge the sense of absolute power—though this also has unquestionably charms for him—and it is quite possible that both motives may appreciably influence his conduct in this respect. We are disposed to attribute it mainly and in most cases to the fact that the great Parliamentary strategist often postpones the settlement of his strategic plans to the very eve of the battle, and that his intense self-absorption prevents his troubling himself to inquire what may be his army's expectations on the subject. In the present instance, however, it is difficult to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE's surprising speech on the Address—a speech which has left his followers in a condition of the most ludicrous discomfiture—could have been the response to a sudden inspiration. No doubt he might allege that this was, in fact, its precise character, and that, since he was in duty bound to await the Speech from the Throne before deciding on his attitude towards the Government, it could not be otherwise. This, however, would be the merest conventionalism of excuse. The general tenor of the Royal Speech was, as it always is, substantially matter of public knowledge at least a month ago; and, further, the demand of the situation, as the militant Gladstonians regard it, is that the Government should be dragged to justice for their past administrative misdeeds, and not be for a moment permitted to purge themselves by promises of good legislative conduct in the future. Moreover, Mr. GLADSTONE had, barely twenty-four hours before rising in his place in the House, afforded what appeared to be the clearest intimation of his agreement with his party on this point. The sight of "the white cliffs" of Old England had produced the reverse of what is supposed to be its customary effect on the returning traveller; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE murmured "This is my own, my native land," he followed it up by something like a declaration that he is very sorry it is. Almost his first words of greeting to his country after his stepping ashore at Dover consisted of an unfavourable comparison between her government and that of the only surviving despotism in Europe. She was, he said, holding down Ireland by force, as Russia is not doing to Finland—nor, we suppose, to Poland—and the "painful spectacle" thus presented by her was a "fact of terrible solemnity," a "grave question before us," a state of things to which it "depends on you, the people of England, to put an end."

Who would have supposed that this same patriot would, before he was another day older, address the authors of this state of things, the men responsible for this fact of terrible solemnity, the wielders of this more than Russian tyranny, in honied words? that he would speak of his former struggles with these criminals as "painful discussions which exhausted our time and strength," which were "unfavourable to the growth of Christian charity," and which there "was no disposition on that side of the House to renew"? No disposition on that side of the House to renew those discussions? Why, we had all understood that, so far from this, there was a disposition, amounting to a determination, to do nothing else. It was like COLERIDGE and his lay sermons. Yet here was the leader of the party of Liberalism,

the apostle of clemency and justice, who had only the day before denounced the shameful oppression of Ireland as utterly disgraceful to the country—here was this extraordinary man hobnobbing, so to speak, with the oppressors, and turning away from their bound and bleeding victim in order to assist them to ingratiate themselves with the English public by holding "a useful, and even a distinguished, Session" of Parliament. No wonder the army looked in mute amazement at their incalculable commander. No wonder Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, who had conceived a special plan of attack on the Government all out of his own head, was a little disconcerted—though, of course, he was far too well trained an officer to show it—at learning, not only that his strategic scheme had been materially modified by his chief, but that in that chief's opinion the attack should be delivered under entirely different circumstances and even on a different night. Such things cannot "overcome Gladstonians like a summer cloud without their special wonder." But our point is, as we have said, that the suddenness must have been merely in the announcement of Mr. GLADSTONE's resolve, and not in its conception. He must have made up his mind even before he went abroad that this should be his declared line of tactics for the Session. It is probable, indeed, that he made up his mind to it as long ago as before Mr. PARNELL's well-remembered conversation with his interviewer on the Irish press; and that Mr. GLADSTONE's colleague in the command was, on that occasion, merely stating a plan of action already concocted between the two. If that was the case, Mr. GLADSTONE's English lieutenants have some ground of complaint. No doubt it is necessary that the leader of the Irish division should be quite in the English commander's confidence, if, indeed, he has not a determining voice at the joint council of war. But the leader's contempt for the distinguished members of his highest staff need hardly have been shown so cruelly as by the keeping them in total ignorance of his plans, and thus allowing them to make themselves ridiculous by threatening all sorts of valorous Parliamentary enterprises which he had not the least intention of permitting them to execute.

No doubt, however, they will console themselves by concluding that, if Mr. GLADSTONE has deceived them, it was only that he might hereafter deceive his adversaries. They may bethink themselves, too, that the line of action which he has marked out for them is, after all, not only the most promising of advantage—though that, indeed, is not saying much—but also the only conventionally decent course to pursue. The Speech from the Throne they must perceive to have thoroughly well deserved the praises, sincere or not, which their leader bestowed upon it. Its programme is not an ambitious, but it is an eminently useful and serviceable, and in no sense whatever a partisan one. "I admit," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "that your legislation begins well; indeed, manifestly in the selection of the subjects as far as they go you have contemplated wider interests than the interests of party. We shall desire to second your efforts in that direction." It is impossible not to sympathize with right honourable occupants of the front Opposition bench who were compelled to listen to such language as this from the lips of their revered leader. Yet, painful as it must be to them, we still invite them to consider whether it was practically open to him to employ language of any other kind. We are persuaded that when the first pangs of disappointed factiousness have subsided, they will acknowledge that Mr. GLADSTONE has exercised a sound discretion—if he has been rather slow in revealing it. When a Government, of whatever political complexion, undertakes to deal with the question of local government, to cheapen the transfer of land, to settle the embittered

dispute about tithes, to promote technical education, and to render half a dozen other useful, if unpretentious, services to the public, it is, on the whole, the wiser course for a leader of the Opposition *not* to announce to the public that he will use his utmost efforts to prevent any of these things being done until the Government of the day has consented to break up the United Kingdom. It is, on the whole, the wiser course for a leader of the Opposition so situated to say that he warmly welcomes the political programme of his opponents, and that he will do his best to enable them to carry it out—always with the proviso—and is there any proviso of greater importance?—that their attempt be made in a judicious manner. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT understands this, we are sure, if more eager spirits like Mr. JOHN MORLEY do not. Sir WILLIAM quite perceives that the proper course for an Opposition in such a case is not to present the point of the sword to the adversary, but to take him cordially by the hand, and afterwards, though sorrowfully and under a deep sense of public duty, trip up his heels. And, if all Mr. GLADSTONE's followers are not equally alive to this at first, we are quite sure that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will not only be willing to explain it to them, but will cheerfully endeavour to enforce his teaching by practical illustrations.

SIR HENRY MAINE.

THE admirable biographical notice of Sir HENRY MAINE which appeared in the *Times* on Monday last would dispense us from saying anything more if he had not stood in a peculiar relation to the *Saturday Review*, and to most of its original contributors, of whom he was one of the most distinguished. This article is written by one of them who knew him for more than forty years; lived with him during nearly the whole of that long period upon terms of brotherly intimacy and affection, never interrupted by the smallest passing cloud, and was for upwards of thirty years connected in the closest way with all his undertakings, literary, legal, and political.

His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere

is a perfect expression of the two sentiments which his death rouses—the moral impossibility of keeping silence on the occasion, and the emptiness of all that can be said. The biographical part of the article in the *Times* supersedes the necessity for any narrative of the events of Sir HENRY MAINE's life, but it leaves something to be said on his character.

The whole colour of his career, the nature of his successive undertakings, and the way in which he carried them out depended upon his physical constitution. The writer in the *Times* correctly states his physical advantages as a lecturer. He had a striking face, a remarkably powerful voice, and a rather tall and well-proportioned figure; but he was from boyhood essentially delicate, and he overtaxed such strength as he had at the beginning of his career. Till he was forty years old he hovered on the verge of being an invalid, and had several most trying and tedious illnesses. He was forced by one of them to refuse the first offer made to him of the office of Legal Member of Council in India, and it was only the accident of Mr. RITCHIE's death, after holding the office for six months, that enabled the country to obtain Sir HENRY's services. The Indian climate suited him, and he returned to England a healthier man than he left it, but he was never robust. He suffered of late years from various ailments, which gave his friends much uneasiness; and his death was preceded by many months of ill health of a distressing kind.

One effect of this was that he never, after he took his degree, was physically capable of severe continuous drudgery. In no one of the three professions which he followed, and in each of which he excelled nearly all his competitors, did he go through the elaborate processes of detail which in nearly every case are requisite to success. He was not one of the journalists who can sit in court pleading cases all day and write articles all night. He was not one of the Indian administrators who are as much at home in the saddle as at the desk. No man of our time did so much for the revival of the study of Roman law; but it is greatly to be doubted whether he had any special familiarity with the Pandects or the Code.

Sir HENRY MAINE's great peculiarity, his unique distinction, was that, by extraordinary care and skill in the use of mental gifts equally extraordinary, he was able to pursue with triumphant success three several professions of the most arduous kind, without the assistance which great physical strength and energy would have given him, and without treading in the routine to which each of them, as a rule, confines those who follow it successfully.

The most obvious of these qualities were an almost preternatural quickness of understanding and facility of expression. Sir HENRY MAINE could read a thick volume, and that in such a way as to appropriate what concerned him in it, whilst an ordinary man read a hundred pages. One would have said that his brain and nerves were on the very verge of morbid excitability if his temper had not been remarkably sweet, gentle, and even patient. His quickness showed itself as much in his power of applying as in his power of grasping principles, and as much in expression as in conception. These qualities were invaluable to him as a journalist. They enabled him, whatever might be the subject on which he wrote, to see at once with intuitive quickness exactly what he had to say, and to say it in language almost mathematically accurate.

These qualities were remarkable enough to secure a considerable success in life. But in him they were combined with others rarer and more remarkable—qualities for which journalism gives comparatively little scope, but which are essential to the more permanent forms of literature. These Sir HENRY MAINE possessed in the highest degree, and employed upon a branch of knowledge which he may almost be said to have called into existence, at least in this country. As a lecturer and as an author on subjects connected with the origin of laws and the history of the early forms of political institutions he was as successful as he was in journalism. His powers as a lecturer were remarkable; but, of course, his, like all other lectures carefully prepared beforehand and not illustrated by experiments, were open to the remark that, when all was said and done, they were like, and indeed actually were to a great extent, chapters of a book read aloud. Their importance is shown in the books which give their results in a condensed form. This is not the place for the discussion of their contents; but it may be said in general that their great distinguishing characteristic is that they were written as if by inspiration. Their author had a power of seeing the general in the particular which we do not think has been equalled in literary history. His works are full of generalizations, which are as remarkable for their clearness and their sobriety as for their intrinsic probability, and which were reached, not by any very elaborate study of detailed evidence, but by a kind of intuition. He seemed to see things "in their quiddity," and to reconstitute them from fragments with the genius of OWEN or CUVIER. In his *Asiatic Studies* Sir ALFRED LYALL gives striking instances of this from his speculations on the origin of clans. Sir ALFRED found in Rajputana the precise practices which Sir HENRY MAINE had suggested as a possible explanation of some scattered facts which he had noticed in his reading.

This quickness of apprehension, power of expression, and luminous intuition would perhaps lead an uninformed observer to the conclusion that their possessor had the temperament of a poetical enthusiast. No greater mistake could have been made. They were associated with a temperament which was liable to err on the side of caution, regard to actual circumstances, and to immediate practical consequences, and a total absence of any sort of enthusiasm or illusion. In his third profession, that of a statesman, these qualities were conspicuously displayed. Sir HENRY MAINE never made a mistake in his duties as an adviser of the Government of India. He was wise, calm, cautious, and reasonable to a degree of which it is difficult to give any adequate notion. He was sometimes charged with idleness in India, and it is no wonder that the charge was made in a country where the standard of industry is so high as to be apt to demand unrelenting drudgery, and where more valuable and rarer qualities are apt to be regarded with cynical suspicion and ignorant contempt. Sir HENRY MAINE undoubtedly did not work so hard as many of his colleagues; but there was probably not one of them who could have done at all what he, whenever called upon, did supremely well.

It is difficult to speak of his moral and personal qualities. He was not a man of wide popular sympathies, nor was he

ever called upon to enter into any of the conflicts which attract much public attention; but to the few who knew him really well he endeared himself to an extent which it is impossible to describe without entering upon matters with which the public has no concern. There are persons to whom the world can never have the same aspect again as it had when he lived in it.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SPEECH.

THAT Prince BISMARCK would carry his Army Bill was so entirely a foregone conclusion that hardly a thought can be said to have been spent on it even by the most determined quidnunc. But the PRINCE was gracious to the quidnuncs for all that, and provided them with two genuine sensations in one week, or at least in one period of less than seven days. The first of these can indeed only be called genuine from the point of view of the recipient. The publication of the Austro-German treaty was the publication only of a *secret de Polichinelle*. It had existed for nearly ten years, and every one who cared to inform himself at all about foreign politics was practically acquainted with its general provisions, if not with its actual terms and details. The formal utterance of those terms, therefore, might be thought, if it had any dread significance at all, to be somewhat alike in dreadfulness to the practice, once so redoubted—recently, alas! so much vulgarized—of “naming” a member of the House of Commons. Everyone knew the erring member's name, yet the pronunciation of it for the first time by a reluctantly comminatory Speaker sounded like the crack of doom. Everybody knew the contents of the Austro-German treaty, but the formal declaration of them sounded like an immediate prelude to a declaration of war. Of course the publication was asserted to be made merely for the purpose of convincing the world of the absolute peacefulness of the arrangement. But this of itself frightened the alarmists more than it calmed them, while those who are by no means inclined to alarm had to admit that, though the thing might be quite insignificant in itself, it certainly was surrounded with many significant circumstances.

As to the PRINCE's own speech, it would be rude to cry “Known!” Yet perhaps any tolerably skilful publicist in any country of Europe might have produced a sealed sketch of it, which on opening would not have been found to go very far wrong in point of matter. The PRINCE-CHANCELLOR in one way at least may be said to have amply earned the eighteen modest quenchers which, according to a historian mindful of the taste of the day, cheered him on his oratorical way. Even he has never carried further the audaciously calculated frankness which, as it has often been observed, is as good for concealment of thought as Mr. GLADSTONE's laborious ambiguity. It is easy to conceive and not easy to exaggerate the relish with which the PRINCE must have explained that he only spoke because he knew his silence would cause greater anxiety—well knowing all the while that what he was going to say would not calm or satisfy anxiety one whit. There was, of course, “no change” since he had last spoken in the Reichstag—though, by the way, the distinguished orator did not explain how this was consistent with the supernatural state of tension of which he had just spoken. At any rate, things were much better in France—it being well known that the present apprehensions are not turned to France at all. People were more afraid about Russia, but he could see nothing more threatening in the Russian direction. Pressmen might see it; but pressmen were not of the slightest importance, only slingers of ink on paper. In Russia particularly nobody was of any importance but the EMPEROR; and, if anything can exceed the warm, yet pacific, disposition of Prince BISMARCK towards the CZAR and Russia, it is the warm, yet pacific, disposition of the CZAR towards Prince BISMARCK and Germany. Then people talked about massing of troops on frontiers—that meant nothing at all except that Russia wanted to have her troops massed, perhaps in expectation of an Eastern crisis. It might be so; but he, the PRINCE, rather thought there would not be a crisis for twenty years. Even if there were, it would not matter to Germany. Now nothing, of course, could be rosier than all this; but, as more than one intelligent critic has remarked already, the speaker probably by the time he had got so far recollected that he was proving a little too much, and

that even his foregone conclusion—his Army Bill—might slip through his fingers if he proved any more. If everybody all round Germany is animated with such wholly excellent sentiments at the moment, what a very odd moment to choose for making up your total of five or six million troops by a fresh levy of seven hundred thousand men and for running into debt to the amount of fourteen millions sterling! The PRINCE, a country gentleman of the best, probably reflected that one does not hire an army of extra keepers at the very time when it is quite certain that nobody thinks of poaching or trespassing, or invest half a year's income in man-traps and spring-guns when it is clearly proven that there is not a dangerous character in the neighbourhood. So he went off on the other tack. Experience had shown that it was always well to have plenty of keepers, that sudden orders for man-traps were always liable to find manufacturers unable to supply the demand. There was a great deal of poaching and trespassing forty, thirty, twenty years ago, though of course not now, and there might be again. Other people were putting themselves in a posture of defence; you must be “as strong as possible.” There might be complications, there might be coalitions; though he himself had always loved Russia, and had been quite a “fourth Russian plenipotentiary” at that Berlin Congress which deprived Russia of nearly all the fruits of her labours—so that it may be feared the fourth Plenipotentiary was rather a fifth wheel. And he loved Russia still, and he would be quite loyal to her and to the Berlin Treaty as to Bulgaria. But—but “a State like Austria does not vanish, and a State like Austria, if not loyally supported, will be estranged.”

Practically these words make by far the most important summary of the speech; they constitute the text on which all the rest is mere gloss, and it is not to be wondered at that the agents, hired or volunteer, of Russia have been provoked by them into relieving their feelings in splenetic outbursts against Austria herself. The real drift of them, and with them of the whole speech, is plain enough. Prince BISMARCK is quite ready to say the most amiable things about all, or nearly all, Europe. He has not the remotest idea that anybody is going to attack him, and as for attacking anybody, that is quite out of the question. Of Russia, in particular, except in so far as concerns a few irresponsible and unimportant Teutophobe pressmen, he is the firm friend. He will, if she likes, be rude to Prince FERDINAND for her; he will be as “correct” as she likes in all his attitude. He will even admit, though he confesses that his friends and allies will not admit, her pretensions to some entirely indefinite “sway” in Bulgaria—a “sway” conditioned by the suzerainty of the Porte and the conditions of the Berlin Treaty. But he takes leave to observe that Austria is not a quantity to be neglected, and that for his part he is not going to neglect her, come what may. Now everybody knows that the question of Austria v. Russia is sometimes very much more than a question of correct attitudes; that the “race for Salonica” is to Austria a question of life and death—to Russia a question of the final accomplishment or the almost certain disappointment for ever of the one dream of her rulers since (as some distinguished historians would say) “the fire-tubes of the Greek galleys triumphed over the monoxyla of Igon.” Prince BISMARCK, of course, says nothing of this. But he first prepares the way for his speech by ostentatiously publishing a treaty in which he engages in the closest connexions with Austria, and then he observes, in one of those half-parentheses which often contain the most important parts of such speeches, that the one definite thing that he will not do is to estrange Austria. Nor, perhaps, is the significance of the declaration thus made and thus prepared lessened by the little fact that its formal occasion is the demand for seven hundred thousand men, and for fourteen millions of money. It would be totally idle, especially after Lord SALISBURY's comment on it, to attempt to see anything pacific in Prince BISMARCK's speech. It shows—what all men knew before—that he does not want to provoke a fight; it shows also, and more clearly than ever, though with no absolute novelty, that he has not the slightest intention of refusing a fight if it is forced on him by a certain course of conduct. And that course of conduct is the exact course of conduct in which, unless her proceedings are at once unintelligent and unintelligible, Russia is engaged.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Local Government Bill, if it has been skilfully and judiciously framed, will probably be passed. At present it is scarcely introduced under brilliant auspices. Its well-wishers have satisfied themselves that, as THIERS said of the Republic, it will cause the least possible division among followers and friends. The prophecy of the French Minister has not been confirmed by experience; and Mr. PARNELL apparently thinks it possible that the Parliamentary majority may break up on the issue which has been deliberately selected by its leaders. On the other side may be cited Mr. RITCHIE's statement that the Cabinet is unanimous in approving the provisions of the Bill, and the expression of his confident belief that it will command the support of the Liberal-Unionists. An eminent member of that party is reported to have said, in answer to a question whether in his judgment the expected measure would render local administration better and cheaper, that it would, on the contrary, make it dearer and worse, but that the Bill nevertheless ought to be passed. There is no doubt that it is a part of the duty of a statesman to consult public opinion in many cases in which he may himself not share its conclusions. If a political change is inevitable, a Conservative Minister may sometimes act wisely in undertaking the conduct of a measure which might in other hands be connected with dangerous innovations. In the present case there is no immediate demand for a novel system of local administration; but a refusal to deprive the county justices of their ancient powers might furnish an excuse for agitation and for consequent excitement. By far the greater part of the taxation nominally imposed by Courts of Quarter Session is determined by Acts of Parliament. The remainder of the county rate is comparatively insignificant in amount, and it is universally admitted that it has been economically assessed and prudently employed. The theoretical objection to the severance of taxation from representation is applicable to the case, because the magistrates are appointed by the Crown. The whole course of modern legislation tends to diminish the control of the larger ratepayers and taxpayers over local and national finance; but the anomaly of taxation by justices is simpler and less open to dispute. The gentry who occupy the bench of magistrates are undoubtedly an aristocratic body, and no popular argument can now be urged in defence of any kind of privilege. The Conservative Government of thirteen or fourteen years ago committed itself to the expediency of a measure of Local Government, and the present Ministers were perhaps glad to discover a project of reform which is not inconsistent with their party traditions.

Mr. PARNELL's authoritative discouragement of Obstruction by his squadron of Nationalists indicates his hope that the Government may be defeated on some of the clauses of the Bill. He rightly holds that the rude violence of his followers tends to cement the alliance against which it is mainly directed. The policy of obstruction failed in the last Session, and consequently Mr. PARNELL, followed, as the debate on the Address shows, by Mr. GLADSTONE, now professes a disinterested zeal for the progress of English and Scotch legislation. They will, indeed, protest against the exclusion of Ireland from the supposed benefits which are to be conferred on Great Britain, or perhaps only on England; but they will probably content themselves with one or two divisions, in which they will certainly be defeated. The present House of Commons will not be persuaded to establish anarchy and robbery in Ireland by conferring on branches of the National League powers of taxation and of coercion which would become lawful. The Separatists must renounce for the present the hope of effecting part of their objects by consent of a Parliament which has emphatically rejected Home Rule. The English Local Government Bill will confer on County Boards or Councils the control of the rural police. Only a very small section of the House of Commons will have the audacity to propose the extension of such an arrangement to Ireland. The controversy will not be extravagantly prolonged, if Mr. PARNELL's intentions have been correctly interpreted. His present policy is to keep Irish affairs in the background, and to trust to internal dissensions for the dissolution of the Unionist alliance. The Government will probably be allowed to carry the second reading of the Bill without direct opposition; but its supporters may differ widely on the details. It will be difficult to judge of the prospects of the measure until the proposed constitution of the governing bodies has been announced.

The boldest plan will also be the safest; and, if the precedent of the Municipal Corporations Act is followed, the Government will have little reason to anticipate defeat.

Some members of the Government may perhaps attach serious importance to the Bill which their colleagues have accepted for political reasons. Mr. RITCHIE seems to be excusably enthusiastic for the measure, which, if it is successfully conducted through the House of Commons, will justify his promotion to the Cabinet. Mr. GOSCHEN has, since his entrance into public life, consistently affirmed his belief in the beneficial tendency of municipal institutions. In spite of experience, he seems to think that County Chairmen will, after their local training is completed, emerge into the class of statesmen. Long since, when he was a member of a Liberal Cabinet, he prepared a Bill to give effect to his opinions, which in those days was considered bold, if not revolutionary. He has probably taken an active part in preparing the Ministerial Bill, and he will be one of its most powerful advocates. Some members of the Cabinet, though they will dissemble their indifference, may perhaps agree with Sir M. HICKS-BEACH in deprecating both the urgency and the probable utility of the Bill. If Lord SALISBURY could be required to explain fully his opinions and his motives, he would probably say that he could not afford to incur the reproach of absolute legislative inaction. It was desirable to find some measure for which plausible reasons could be given, and Local Government had the advantage of being unconnected with Ireland, with Fair trade, and with other dangerous topics. If Mr. GOSCHEN was impressed with the educational advantages of practice in local administration, Lord SALISBURY could have no wish to contradict him. It is true that in more than fifty years municipal government has produced only one politician of the first Parliamentary rank, whose position as a statesman has yet to be established. Chairmen of Quarter Sessions have contributed larger reinforcements to the class of political leaders. The discussion is, in any case, of minor importance. Public functionaries ought to be appointed because they are qualified to perform the duties of their respective offices, and not that they may afterwards become capable of filling higher positions. Household suffrage has but a doubtful tendency to bring into prominence the ablest members of the local community. The County Boards will probably resemble in character the existing Corporations.

The definition of the powers to be conferred on the Boards which are to be created is next in importance to the qualification of the constituencies. There are grave doubts as to the expediency of transferring the administration of the Poor-law from the Guardians to the new county councillors. The administration of the Unions has, of course, not been faultless; but it has been, on the whole, both meritorious and successful. Within a very recent period a more vigilant control has been exercised over the grant of outdoor relief. The proportion of paupers to the whole population is smaller than in the earlier times of the new Poor-law; and many Guardians, and more especially the Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen of the Unions, have acquired wide and valuable experience. It may be hoped that the Government intends, not to supersede the Boards of Guardians, but to place them under the control of a higher local authority. To this scheme also there are obvious, though not conclusive, objections. If the object of the framers of the Bill is to relieve the central Local Government Board of a portion of its present duties, there will be a less stringent guarantee than at present for absolute impartiality. It may also be difficult to reconcile the Guardians to the proposed subordination to a local authority which they may perhaps regard as not superior to themselves. As it is not proposed to interfere by the present Bill with urban Corporations, there will be an anomaly in the administration of the Poor-law in the towns and in the country. It is, of course, possible that when the Bill is introduced sufficient reasons may be assigned for its provisions.

The authors of the Local Government Bill have perhaps left for future consideration practical questions which will necessarily arise in the operation of a novel system. The members of the governing body will reside at long distances from one another, and sometimes from the county town. County magistrates have repaired to the local seat of government half a dozen times in the year, and, for the most part, their time has been at their own disposal. The County Boards will probably be chosen among farmers, tradesmen, and other men of business; and, if they are to exercise any practical authority, their meetings must be weekly, if not

more frequent. In the great towns an active member of the municipality has often to attend the sittings of two or three Committees as well as the full meetings of Council. Residents in country districts can scarcely attend to their duties with equal assiduity. The consequence may be that the municipal representation of the county will be entrusted to persons who will make an occupation of local business, and it will probably be found necessary to provide for travelling expenses. The next step will be to attach salaries to the office, with the result of making the employment into a profession. Sanguine advocates of municipal government have assumed that many members of County Boards will be selected from the ranks of the present magistracy. There would be no better security for careful and upright administration; but social jealousies and political prejudices will tend in the opposite direction. If membership of the Council at any time becomes a paid office, it will become the object of such organizations as those which distribute party patronage in the United States.

SEVEN HUNDRED A YEAR.

A GENTLEMAN connected, as he says, with a large retail house has been asking the world and the *St. James's Gazette* whether he can marry on 700*l.* a year. To be sure, he is a sarcastic young man, and his purpose is, no doubt, just the reverse of what appears. The whole question is a little impertinent. Of course a man may marry and have a large family, and be happy, on 700*l.* a year, if he gets it "regular," as Sir GEORGE DASENT's butler liked his meals. It is all a question, as a philosopher once famous would have put it, of the who, and the where, and the how. What kind of man is to marry what sort of woman, in what social rank, with what tastes, ambitions, and desires. In Tahiti a man might be delightfully contented with climate and the affections alone. Society he would never lack; 'tis an eternal Trouville, the costumes as graceful as inexpensive, amusements healthy and endless, no taxes, plenty of bread-fruit, all the world unemployed, and no politics. But Mr. LAYARD, who started the thrilling topic in the *Nineteenth Century*, was thinking of persons in the middle class, the polite, or refined, or educated professional middle class; it is difficult to find a name for this section of the *bourgeoisie*. They have rich friends and relations, and know a few Lords, and have perhaps been at Eton, or Rugby, and at the Universities. Can men of this kind live in London, with wives their social equals, on 700*l.* a year? As a rule, they had better not try the experiment. It requires pluck, originality, industry, and a share of good fortune. Nobody can make sure of the latter gift; most people credit themselves with the others. But the young people will need to know each other better than lovers use before they can be sure of each other. If they like to live only for themselves and their small families, all is plain sailing. We are presuming that the 700*l.* is as much a certainty as any interest in these revolutionary times can be. This is not saying very much; but it applies equally to all fortunes, little or great. If the man is only making 700*l.* a year, we recommend to the lady's father the conduct of the cruel parent in the song. The lover speaks:—

Once I loved you,
Loved you blindly;
But your Pa
Behaved unkindly,
Gave poor Reg-
inald his *congé*
One day in
The *salle-à-manger*.

REGINALD should have his *congé*—that is, if his 700*l.* be made in the perilous paths of literature or the Bar. If he has a definite salary, a pretty sure thing, and certain to rise, that may be different.

The seven-hundred-pounders will find it difficult either to go out or to entertain their friends. Cabs are costly. Going out to dinner in omnibuses and railways is not easy, though it is attempted by some. If the young persons do dine out, they cannot ask their friends to the stereotyped kind of entertainment to which GORDON justly preferred life in the less salubrious districts of Central Africa. It must be an affair of the Thackerayan leg of mutton and of very few guests. Theatres will be impossible expenses; for the happy pair will live remote from the Strand. Occasionally they may go to some high-perched and low-priced seats. But a vast multitude of men and women are only wearied

by the theatre. Wines worthy of the name will be remote luxuries; but to many a little whisky and water is very much more truly agreeable than all the *crûs* of the Widow of Eastern France. As to rent, there are places within easy reach where a nice old house and garden can be got for 50*l.* a year, and where only your friends that are friends indeed, will come to visit you. Tobacco is not a necessary, but a moderate man that makes his own cigarettes will not be ruined by tobacco. For travelling, it is a positive fact that ladies will gallantly journey by third-class and never complain. Indeed, women of the right sort are infinitely less fond than most men of "comfort, the mother of "slavery." We are presuming that the young people are in good health, for your languid invalid had better not marry on 700*l.* a year. It is clear that if the husband has a morally safe 700*l.* a year and brains, he can very soon add immensely to the sum, and may speedily be able to see his friends and enjoy himself like other members of the class in which he is born. If he is incapable of such exertions, the young lady had better not marry him. It is certainly not worth her while to practise strict economy, and to flee the world, for the sake of loafing in or near London with an idle man on 700*l.* a year. If the money is safe, and the love is strong, why do they not go and enjoy each other's company in some land where the climate is on a level with the affections? In Corfu you can dwell among the gardens of ALCINOUS, and be rich on 700*l.* a year. What is the attraction, to people who can live out of it, of this dirty rowdy town, where you see millionaires and mendicants everywhere, everywhere starvation and opulence, everywhere hear the ominous cries of the latest and worst news? We mortals are like sheep in our gregariousness, and yearly become worse and more sheep-like. Common sense and comfort and *le bon goût* dictate a migration of the sturdy middle classes. An insane and imitative and pleasureless expensiveness is inherent in the present condition of our life in London. We pine for each other's company so much that many even go to "At Homes" of every melancholy description. We must have champagne where our grandfathers drank quite as agreeable but less expensive liquids. Everybody tries to do what everybody else does. Any young lovers who like can turn their backs on all this, if they have 700*l.* to be happy upon, and if they have a proper contempt for their Aunts. Only they must be quite sure of each other, and of their purpose; and human nature is never quite sure. They must at once make a break with their old habits; with clubs, parties, first-class carriages, flowers, wine, cigars, and all but the very humblest kind of book-collecting. They must get their books from circulating libraries; a painful, all but a degrading, necessity. However, it is believed that this is one of the last aspects of comparative poverty to frighten the youthful and passionate. That is a profane and Americanized version of the poem which runs thus:—

All lovers young, all lovers must
Upon Seven Hundred come to bust.

The problem, like others, is quite relative. Many members of the polite middle class can marry on 700*l.* a year. Many others cannot. It is not easy to bring the men and the women who have this art of economy and this contempt of a very stupid kind of world together in matrimony. The man may be of the right sort, the woman may be conventional, or *vice versa*. They may have friendly rich uncles, who practically "see them through," or they may be kinless loons. Not every pair who have the pluck to try have the pluck to succeed, and their latter end is much worse than a mere blighted affection, of which everybody is like to have had plenty.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETURN.

MR. GLADSTONE succeeded in returning to his native country with a little less fuss than was apparently thought necessary when he left it, but still in a sufficiently Gladstonian manner. To reach home quietly and hold the ordinary gathering of Opposition leaders before the meeting of Parliament in the ordinary manner would, of course, have been unworthy of a pillar of the people's hopes. On the whole, however, the reception on arriving at Folkestone, where Mr. GLADSTONE did not, in the proper sense, "arrive" at all—the reception by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Señor ALBERTO NIN at Charing Cross, and the other proceedings, may be regarded with some gratitude as a minimum of ostentation. But an amiable writer in the *Times* has

surely been over-generous in congratulating Mr. GLADSTONE on the unusual directness of his reply to the usual Custom-House demand—a reply faithfully chronicled by the admiring *Jeames*. The regular answer of ordinary folk in such a case is confined to one word—"No" or "Nothing"; Mr. GLADSTONE's disclaimer of smuggling appears to have taken seventeen, and must so far be admitted to have been highly characteristic. This remark must not be mistaken for minute criticism of the ungenerous sort; it is rather an acknowledgment of the fact that when great men provide matter for discussion it is both impolite and wrong not to discuss it.

The words which the leader of the Fifth Party addressed to those who congratulated him, in terms somewhat more suggestive of successful jockeyship than of the achievements of a statesman, on his "bold and skilful" leadership were not so very many more than those in which Mr. GLADSTONE disclaimed the possession of "a single article 'liable to duty, even a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne.'" They exhibit, however, the wisdom of the ancients as to the small influence of foreign travel. Mr. GLADSTONE went to find admirers of his Home Rule policy, and he has found them. It was hardly to be supposed that Italian admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE, to say nothing of Parisian Communists, would come to see him with a special mission to impress his mistake upon him. It is, indeed, well known that the wisest Italians, smarting under the effect of centuries of "Home Rule," and the foreign rule which "Home Rule" always brings after it, thoroughly sympathize with England's uncompromising defence of the Union. But Italy has an amiable sentiment for Mr. GLADSTONE, who long ago did her the honour to make her one of his numerous steps to popularity, and who has never, as in most other cases, had any inducement to kick this particular ladder. If there are fewer enemies of England there than in almost any other Continental country, there is nowhere greater ignorance of English politics. Nor can it be regarded as surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE, who contrives to find support for Home Rule at home, where ninety per cent. of educated and intelligent persons are against Home Rule, should find it abroad. It would also appear that Mr. GLADSTONE has wisely not attempted to injure the beneficial effect of his holiday by any historical or political studies. He left England after proving at Dover that he had constructed for himself a history somewhat like the legendary French school-books, where the French won the battle of Waterloo, and he comes back to Folkestone with a political geography to match, in which Finland is an example of the conduct which England ought to pursue towards Ireland. As it has been frequently pointed out that Finland is a very strong argument against Home Rule, and has only a few years ago illustrated the dangers of that arrangement, Mr. GLADSTONE, if he had been any one else, might have been asked to take his choice of pleading guilty to one of three charges—ignorance, forgetfulness, or disingenuousness. But as it is, he need only plead guilty to being Mr. GLADSTONE.

The state of things to which he returns is of more interest than the stale and ready-made platitudes or fallacies with which he returns to it. It is announced, with what truth we know not, that two more Unionist sheep, Sir THOMAS GROVE and Mr. BENJAMIN HINGLEY, have sought the Gladstonian fold. We were under the impression that both had broken Unionist bounds some time ago; but if their conversion is recent, it is probably due to the Lixnaw murder. Sir THOMAS GROVE and Mr. HINGLEY must have been convinced that the National League is by so much to be preferred to Mr. BALFOUR as the penalty of death, which it can and does enforce, exceeds the penalty of imprisonment. Or perhaps the methods of Canon O'MAHONY and not those of the League executioners have had effect on these legislators. Mr. GLADSTONE's eyes may also have been rejoiced by the announcement that an address to him in favour of Home Rule, and signed by the clergy, is in process of being drawn up. If so his pleasure is certainly shared by his opponents. All careful readers of their newspapers must have observed the awkward phrase "ministers of religion," which is usually employed in reference to such addresses. The reproach is now to be wiped off by a genuine clerical document in which the enemy shall have no ground to ask whether the signatures are those of Happy Joe and the Converted Cabman. Unluckily, the names of the first signatories and organizers, which have been published, supply the most remarkable comment upon and exemplification of the mental and moral calibre of the Gladstonian party that has yet been provided, frequent and remarkable as such exempli-

fications have been. The Church of England to-day may not include among her functionaries so large a proportion of the brain of the country as in the days of HOOKER and DONNE, or in the days of BUTLER and BERKELEY. But it was surely unwise of Gladstonians to expose the nakedness of their clerical land by putting forward such a list as this. A second or third rate academic office-holder and schoolbook-compiler like Dr. KITCHIN; the husband of Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER, of whom all that is publicly known is that he is Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER's husband; and Canon WILBERFORCE, of whom it is known that he is the son of a man of genius, and that he himself is the hare-brained supporter of every crack-brained fad that presents itself—these are three of the most generally known names. And the rest are like unto them, including a popular preacher or two, a member of a distinguished family of cricketers, an ex-colonial Bishop (no collection of this sort, even if it be the committee of a proprietary club, is complete without an ex-colonial Bishop), and two or three of that peculiar class of High Churchmen, if we may sully that most honourable name, whose motto is apparently "high dressing and low thinking." We miss, indeed, some names which ought to be, and we hope soon will be, on the list. The Rev. STEWART HEADLAM has been most unjustly deprived of his proper place of vantage, and those Great Twin Brethren of the Religion of Truth, Messrs. KENNEDY and TUCKWELL, ought not to be left in the lurch. But still the catalogue is very fairly representative, and it tells exactly the same story as the catalogue of supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE in every class, profession, and other division of mankind. Take whatever such division may be preferred, range the Unionists and the Separatists in it against each other, and, with the usual exception here and there, the same result will be found. For Unionism, scholarship, learning, practical experience and ability, weight and consistency of character, professional distinction. For Separatism, popularity-hunting, frothy talk, fadmongering, sciolism, charlatany. We own that exceptions, if anywhere, might be expected in the Church and the Law, for the attractions of the "better benefice" are strong in each, and Mr. GLADSTONE is still quite a possible Providence. It is, at least, creditable to Divinity that there is to be found among clerical Gladstonians no Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and no Sir HORACE DAVEY—at most a Dr. PANKHURST or a Mr. R. T. REID. Now Mr. GLADSTONE, though his precious balms to the Church have been of a somewhat head-breaking character of late, is believed to be still attached, in his own very peculiar way, to that institution. It must be a little annoying to find that the Church responds to his affection in the persons of Canon BUTLER and Canon WILBERFORCE. He might forgive the opposition as a Christian; it must be terribly hard to pardon the support.

LORD DURHAM AND SIR GEORGE CHETWYND.

WE cannot concur in the approval so freely and hastily expressed of the course which the Jockey Club on Tuesday unanimously decided to take. We do not think "it is desirable that the matter in dispute between Sir GEORGE CHETWYND and Lord DURHAM should be taken to a court of law," either "with a view to the whole matter being referred to arbitration" or otherwise. If Sir GEORGE CHETWYND, when he read a report of Lord DURHAM's speech at the Gimcrack Club, had thought fit to commence legal proceedings, it would, no doubt, have been proper for the Jockey Club to await the result of those proceedings before taking any action of its own. But the question whether a particular owner of racehorses and a particular jockey have "pulled" horses—that is, prevented them from winning in order that they might have an unfair advantage in future handicaps—is one which the Jockey Club must be peculiarly qualified to decide. Indeed, if it cannot deal satisfactorily with such a point as this, the value of the institution is not very easy to see. The appropriate penalty for the offences charged against Sir GEORGE CHETWYND and WOOD is exclusion from the Turf, unless, indeed, there should be material on which to ground a prosecution for conspiracy to defraud. Lord AYLESBURY, as everybody knows, was warned off Newmarket Heath some months ago, and no court of law was troubled with the matter. The reasons for preferring a judicial tribunal to the Club were stated with great clearness by Lord DURHAM, who has shown from the beginning a most praiseworthy readiness to prove the truth of all the accusa-

tions he made. Lord DURHAM says that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are not accustomed to the formalities of a trial, that they have no power to take evidence upon oath or to compel the attendance of witnesses and documents—that, in short, they would never get to the bottom of the thing. But the Jockey Club has surely power over its own members and over men whose livelihood depends upon its support. Lord DURHAM must be presumed to have his facts in a presentable shape, and to be capable of establishing affirmatively the truth of his case. He cannot be merely relying upon the hope that certain persons will in the witness-box tell what he believes to be the truth. He must have gone further than that. He must know approximately what his own witnesses will say. There is a good deal of superstition about oaths and the compulsory power of tribunals. Perjury is exceedingly common, and among a hundred people who commit it ninety-nine escape with impunity. You may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; we do not envy the position of a man who has to justify libel out of the mouths of evasive and reluctant witnesses. It is the duty of the Jockey Club to purify the Turf, as Mr. CHAPLIN maintained in his very forcible speech; and, as a matter of fact, Lord DURHAM at York went far beyond specific imputations upon individuals. He attacked, as Mr. CHAPLIN showed, the morality of the racing world; and far be it from us to say that he was wrong. A judge and jury, or an arbitrator, would be bound to confine themselves to the particular misconduct alleged against Sir GEORGE CHETWYND. The result of the trial could not possibly remove the need for further and more general inquiry.

The motion to which the Jockey Club agreed was naturally and properly recommended by the character of the mover. The Duke of RICHMOND's name is almost a synonym for respectability, and the high political offices which he has filled give him in his old age a sort of proconsular rank. Nevertheless, we cannot follow him in his train of argument. He wants two incompatible things—a legal tribunal and a committee of experts. He suggests that the action to be brought by Sir GEORGE CHETWYND should be, "with the consent of the parties," referred by a Master to arbitration. Everything in this singular litigation is to be by consent of the parties. Mr. FINLAY, than whom there could be no higher authority, told Sir GEORGE CHETWYND that the speech at the Gimcrack Club gave him no cause of action. Slander, it must be remembered, is not actionable, however defamatory, unless it imputes crime or unprofessional conduct, and Sir GEORGE CHETWYND can hardly be said, in the ordinary sense of the words, to have a profession. Thereupon Lord DURHAM obligingly offers the Stewards copies of his speech, so as to turn the slander into libel, and further undertakes not to raise any question of privilege. He also writes a letter to the Stewards accusing Sir GEORGE CHETWYND of "having connived at serious malpractices which are contrary to the Rules of racing." What view a court of law may take of all this we do not know. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who was consulted by Mr. LOWTHER as "a lawyer and an athlete," seems to think it all right. So does Mr. Justice HAWKINS, who allows himself to be described, somewhat oddly, as the "legal adviser" of the Jockey Club. Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, it will be observed, is curiously guarded in his opinion. "If," he says, "Lord DURHAM publishes any statement defamatory of Sir G. CHETWYND or any other persons, the Court would not decline to entertain an action at the suit of Sir G. CHETWYND or any other persons libelled; but any such publication should be made by Lord DURHAM independently and of his own responsibility, and should not be made under any circumstances which would be held to be privileged." A more strictly oracular deliverance never proceeded from the Temple. Unfortunately Lord DURHAM, by writing to the Stewards, has made the publication in circumstances which might be held to be privileged, though he has agreed to waive the privilege. If a case presented to the Court in such a manner as we have described be not collusive, then that word must be restricted to mean corrupt and dishonourable collusion, or it will cease to have any intelligible significance whatever. If Sir GEORGE CHETWYND brings an action against Lord DURHAM, as we understand he means to do, he will not have brought it of his own accord to clear his character, or even to recover damages, but under pressure from a voluntary Association, which is anxious to relieve itself of its own proper duties. This seems to us an abuse of legal process. The Queen's Courts, so far as they are civil tribunals, sit to

redress the grievances of individuals, not to investigate the purity of the Turf. Sir GEORGE CHETWYND does not wish to resort to them. He demands to be heard by the body to which he and Lord DURHAM both belong. It might have been wiser for Sir GEORGE CHETWYND to have acted otherwise, though in the face of Mr. FINLAY's opinion we do not quite see what else he could have done. But, as he asked for an inquiry by the Jockey Club, he should have got it directly, and not by the circuitous method of a reference to arbitration by consent.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

HAVING, to the regret of his friends and his party, resigned his seat in the Cabinet, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, like many predecessors in similar circumstances, is exulting in his recovered freedom. There is no season at which a zealous but independent supporter is more troublesome to his recent colleagues. The members of a Government are incessantly required, not only to acquiesce in unpalatable decisions, but to conceal in the strictest secrecy their own disapproval of measures for which they are officially responsible. Convictions which have been overruled by external authority become stronger as they find no vent in speech or action; and, when the pressure is removed, the temptation to seek publicity is apparently irresistible. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH has caused some embarrassment to the Government by recent disclosures on Irish questions. It was unnecessary to give the irreconcilable opponents of his party an excuse for claiming an ex-Minister as a dissident from the policy of the Cabinet. It was easy to foresee that ambiguous language would be misrepresented by suppression and by exaggeration. In his latest speech at Bristol Sir M. HICKS-BEACH once more assumed the character of a candid friend in discussing the measures of general legislation which ought, in his judgment, to be introduced by the Government. Even if his opinions on policy were sound, he must have been aware that they would certainly not be adopted by the Government. According to a well-known dogma, that a thing is true is no reason for saying it. It may be a reason for doing it, if it can conveniently be done. In drawing up a programme for the Session Sir M. HICKS-BEACH by anticipation reflects a censure on the Government for its certain refusal to follow his advice. The consequence is that the party may be weakened and the majority divided, without possibility of advantage to any section of the House of Commons except to the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL. Even wise counsels may in this manner do practical mischief, and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's recommendations are much the reverse of wise.

Three or four years ago he was regarded as an orthodox Conservative, who might perhaps, in case of need, be employed to counteract the supposed laxity of the actual leader of the party. Eventually, for some reason which has never been explained, except as a result of personal jealousy, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was deposed, or sent upstairs; and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH took his place, to be in turn superseded by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. By this time the relations among the leaders of the party had become simpler, steadier, and more intelligible; and there is no reason to suspect Sir M. HICKS-BEACH of personally ambitious designs. He may probably, as he becomes accustomed to a voluntary exclusion from office, be less impulsive and restless. The party is not in a condition to dispense with obedience to discipline. The supporters of the Government will have enough to do in defending it against factious attacks from the apologists of disorder in London and of rebellion in Ireland. It will also be necessary to assist in the construction of a sound measure of Local Government; and it is possible that there may be important discussions on finance. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, passing lightly over inevitable duties and difficulties, proposes that the Conservative party should plunge into an abyss of revolutionary legislation. Many amateur politicians have made similar suggestions, in the hope of competing with the Liberal party for popular favour. Their general policy corresponds to the Western operation of burning the prairie in front for the purpose of extinguishing the conflagration behind. If the Conservatives could be induced to set fire to Church and State, there would be so much less for the Radicals to destroy when they succeeded to power. That bookish theorists should approve a suicidal enterprise is less surprising than that a veteran of long Parliamentary

and official experience should ever take these projects into consideration. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH might be entitled to understand that Conservatism is worthless except for the conservation of established institutions. Meddling and tampering with their characteristic traditions facilitates incendiary projects. If additional arguments against destructive Conservatism were required, it might be worth while to remember that the proposed change of front must be executed in the presence of the most skilful of Parliamentary managers. Mr. GLADSTONE is not the man to sacrifice his own opportunities of popularity for the benefit of his detested antagonists. As soon as Sir M. HICKS-BEACH put his hand to the constitutional fabric in the way of so-called reform, Mr. GLADSTONE would make his puny efforts ridiculous by a violent overthrow of half the edifice. He has on former occasions showed his skill in baffling half-hearted competitors. In 1867 he swept away Mr. DISRAELI's fancy franchises and lateral extensions of the suffrage, and created the uniform constituencies which in the next year restored him to office. His mysterious offer to Lord SALISBURY of support in a Home Rule measure would have enabled him to repeat the tactics which had simplified the Reform Bill. If the Conservatives had accepted his overture, Mr. GLADSTONE would have used them to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and it would then have been easy to exclude them from any share in the proceeds of the operation.

According to Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's plan, the Conservatives are to strengthen their hold on the confidence of the country by undertaking in the present Session the reconstruction of the Established Church and the House of Lords. It may be admitted that the proposal is so comprehensive that the disruption of the party which would certainly follow would be the least important of its consequences. The revolutionary section of the Liberal party would naturally take the opportunity to move amendments which would be fatal if they were carried, and dangerous when they were discussed. The reform of the House of Lords has often been talked of, but no practical scheme has ever been devised, and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's selection of one among many possible changes shows that he has an inadequate conception of the importance of the policy which he would introduce. He thinks it worth while to return to the obsolete and trivial contrivance of creating a certain number of life-peers. Such a measure, if it stood by itself, would have no serious result, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether there would be any considerable number of qualified candidates for such promotion. A much more important consequence of interference with the constitution of the House of Lords would be that the abolition of two estates of the realm would at once become, and would remain, an open question. The Government would by the proposed measure justly alienate the confidence of many of its supporters; and, when it was consequently driven from office, there would be no longer an insuperable obstacle to the establishment of Irish Home Rule. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, and any allies whom he might enlist, would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had established their claim to the character of subversive Liberals. His appetite for change would, nevertheless, not be fully satisfied. Not content with disturbing the foundations of the Constitution, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH thinks that the Government would do well to remodel the Church. In both cases the title which is derived from prescription and usage would be invalidated; and there is not the remotest reason to believe that in return the Establishment would be made more popular, as it would assuredly be deteriorated in character. The enemies of the Church have, for some time past, suspended general attacks on the Church, perhaps because they think it more advisable to begin with the abolition of four of the existing dioceses. It is from a Conservative quarter that the present agitation is to proceed. It is true that two or three injudicious prelates have proposed mischievous innovations for the purpose of making the clergy more clerical, and of severing the intimate connexion between the Church and general society. But speeches and motions in the House of Lords are comparatively innocuous; and the Ministers have not been so foolish as to compromise their position by wanton ecclesiastical innovations.

No want is less urgent than additional security against the admission of unfit persons to orders. The temptations of a clerical life are by no means excessive; and it is notorious that professional and general opinion enforces on the clergy, if they require such compulsion, morality, decorum, and parochial activity. Many of the best of them

are appointed to their benefices by private patrons, and the system of lay patronage has done much to prevent the Anglican priesthood from degenerating into a caste. It is, of course, intolerable to bigots and fanatics that the clergy should be Englishmen and gentlemen, taking a legitimate interest in the ordinary affairs of the world. Private, and in a less degree episcopal, patronage has done much to counteract the evil tendencies of professional isolation. It is true that livings are not always bestowed on the most popular preachers, or even on the most laborious of curates; but the general result is satisfactory, and it is well known that, in the few benefices which are liable to popular election, scandals are exceptionally prevalent. Not satisfied with the other methods which he has unconsciously devised for the overthrow of his party, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH would advise the Ministers, if they escape from the catastrophe of their attack on the House of Lords, to bring in a Bill for turning the Church upside down by giving the parishioners, according to the common formula, a voice in the appointment of incumbents. It is evident that a veto on nominations would be rapidly converted into direct patronage. The bishop has already the power and the duty of rejecting an unfit candidate. The parishioners would rather consider his appearance, his more or less polished manners, and perhaps his political opinions. It might almost be a question whether a Church Establishment would be worth preserving under conditions so degrading; yet the main objection to Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's proposal is, not that it is utterly bad in itself, but that it would inevitably lead to Disestablishment, having, in the first instance, destroyed the present Ministry and perhaps effected Home Rule. It may be hoped that Sir M. HICKS-BEACH will, in his place in Parliament, be more cautious than on provincial platforms.

THE CARDINAL'S DILEMMA.

IT is never easy for any man, even for a Cardinal Archbishop, to know when he has said enough, and it is particularly difficult when he has talked himself into a logical fix, and has to prove that he has neither committed himself to the support of something mischievous nor yet been talking nonsense. Dr. MANNING has been sitting and writing between the horns of this dilemma for the whole of the past week. He has wriggled manfully, but it is needless to say in vain, and he must finally be left on one of those two horns. The CARDINAL has had a great deal to say of the kind usually said by gentlemen in his unfortunate position. He has given little bits of autobiography with superfluous apologetic introductions. He has been profuse in declarations that he never meant to hurt the feelings of a critic who never complained that his feelings were hurt. He has answered charges never brought against him. He has launched into ingenious disquisitions on the nature and use of capital. All of this is very pretty and very proper for the purpose of confusing the point at issue, but it does not get the CARDINAL out of hearing of the horns of the dilemma which are blowing at his door, as the Irish-American orator put it. Dr. MANNING is accused by Lord SALISBURY and by a Correspondent of the *Times* signing himself "G." of having proposed to do a given mischievous thing. He has only to prove either that the thing is not mischievous or that he did not suggest it. Apparently neither of these courses is open to him. Instead of one demonstration or the other, Dr. MANNING gives a good deal of discursive talk, and tries to prove that something undistinguishable to the naked eye from the mischief aforesaid is really quite different. In the course of his letters he has started some side-issues which might lead to pretty arguments. One of the most fruitful was his *obiter dictum* that every criminal was once an innocent child, whom Society has corrupted. It is by no means clear to us that the CARDINAL has not committed himself here to the Pelagian heresy and come smartly into conflict with St. AUGUSTINE, whom the Church reveres. But he must be left to fight that out with the POPE.

It is always well to take an observation, as DANIEL WEBSTER sensibly insisted, in order to find out your longitude and latitude after a storm of talk, to discover what the matter to be proved or disproved originally was. The CARDINAL gave it as his opinion that at such a time as this there ought to be work for "unemployed, honest, deserving" men. Lord SALISBURY called this the advocacy of "national workshops," and gave his reasons for using that phrase. "G.," who had already drawn the CARDINAL's fire under another signature, came forward with a series

of practical questions. He wanted—and many others of us want—to know how this work is to be provided and what it is to be. Is it to be remunerative work undertaken on business terms and at the market rate of wages? If so, how does the CARDINAL propose to create it? Dr. MANNING has been forced to confess that he cannot make remunerative work out of nothing, and that what he wishes to do is to give the “unemployed, honest, deserving men” something to labour at for something less than the market rate of wages. But, then, he only sets himself another list of questions to answer. How does he propose to supply this without imposing a burden on the community which in the long run will augment the very evil he wishes to cure by wasting a part of the national capital on useless work, and so diminishing the fund from which all labour is paid? This is a thoroughly practical question, and is not answered in the least by quotations which prove that Mr. MILL had a slightly sentimental leaning towards Socialism—which we knew—that he was skilful in scoring off disputants on the other side—which is a matter of common knowledge—and that he was sometimes, for so very able a man, strangely deficient in a sense of the ridiculous—a fact of which we were well aware. Dr. MANNING has certainly shown “G.” that an eminent economist can be quoted on his side, and that is a warning to people who enter into discussions with trained disputants to be careful of what they say. But the CARDINAL’s own argument looks no stronger than before. Dr. MANNING continually quotes the Poor-law of ELIZABETH as a proof that his wish to find paid work for the unemployed is practical. We should prefer to say that the law of ELIZABETH is a proof that Government once tried to do what the CARDINAL recommends, and that its history affords a convincing demonstration of the truth of “G.’s” contention—that all such efforts must in the long run do more harm than good. The old Poor-law was quite as efficient in keeping down the general rate of wages—and thereby harming the whole labouring class—as in helping the unemployed. Its indirect influence in the perpetuation of a pauper population, in the encouragement of bastardy, and the discouragement of thrift is too notorious to need pointing out again. The CARDINAL’s critics insist that he wishes to revert to a bad system which we have given up long ago. He does not in the least prove that his proposal is not bad by asserting that it has been tried before. Nobody accuses him of asking for something entirely new, but of asking for something mischievous. No amount of demonstration that it has been tried before will alter its character.

The CARDINAL endeavours to avoid the charge of Socialism by defining the word in his own way. There is little profit in arguing whether certain measures should be called Social legislation or Socialism, but whatever name is preferred, nobody can be in any doubt as to the tendency of such words as these:—“The poor possess nothing but their inheritance of natural right. If the Poor-law of ELIZABETH had not been passed, the English land laws would scarcely have survived until this day. From HENRY VIII. till CHARLES II. the possession of land had been passing from the many to the few. In proportion to the population it was never held in so few hands as at this day. The yeomen and statesmen and the forty-shilling freeholders are gone. It is a grave danger to treat the natural right of the poor as a popular delusion. If the rich should be taught to deny this natural right, a habit of mind full of misconception and unnatural would be formed in them, and if the poor were to know that this last natural right in themselves and their children were denied, a dangerous resentment would inevitably arise.” Natural right to what? To be preserved from death by starvation? That is secured him by the Poor-laws already. Or is his natural right to include the right to a part of the land and to paid work? If it is this last, then the CARDINAL, let him wriggle and chop logic as much as he pleases, is talking Socialism. We will concede to him the Socialistic tendency of the Elizabethan Poor-law if he likes, and are quite content to take its influence as proof of the mischievous working of all such legislation. Fine phrases, declamation, and appeals to sentiment will not alter the fact that when population increases faster than the means of subsistence the result must be poverty. This is no reason why any community should do so cruel and so unchristian a thing as to leave people already born into the world to die of want of food; and the law, as Cardinal MANNING knows, provides that they need not so die. But it is a very good reason why we should not adopt a course which would infallibly tend to increase the pressure of population on means of subsistence, and thereby perpetuate

and extend the evil. If the CARDINAL thinks this view headless and heartless, he can try to show by argument how a better course can be taken. Frothy declamation will not do, nor vague talk about natural rights, nor yet threatenings of dangerous resentments. This sort of chatter is no proof that the speaker, whoever he is, has a livelier sympathy with the unemployed than others who use less rhetoric. It may be a proof of looseness of soul, or even that he who uses it is of opinion that it would be a good thing to dish the Social Democratic Federation. Is it possible that some notion of the sort has been floating in the air of the ARCHBISHOP’S House, Westminster, S.W.?

THE LAST SPEECHES OF THE RECESS.

THE oratorical campaign of the recess has been not unfittedly closed by speeches from Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. It is, of course, desired by the leaders on either side that the last words addressed to their armies before entering upon the real battle of the Session should be as inspiring as possible; and while Mr. GOSCHEN’s power of animating the fight is well known and highly valued by Unionists, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is for the Gladstonians—well, “the best they can do.” The speeches of the two differ as the language of the victorious military commander of real life differs from that of the theatrical variety of the same; but those who cannot get the real thing must, of course, put up with the best attainable counterfeit. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT’s rhetoric does not, like Mr. GOSCHEN’s, breathe the very spirit of confidence, it is amply filled out—as amply, indeed, as that of a Biblical hero, whose style and bearing generally is not unlike his own—with all the phrases in which confidence would naturally express itself. He is always inviting his enemy to come to him, that he may give his flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; and, though this sort of thing is rated at its true value in the House of Commons—where, indeed, GOLIATH shows a good-humoured consciousness of and acquiescence in the fact that no one takes him seriously—we suppose that there are people in the provinces, some, perhaps, even in Sir WILLIAM’s own constituency, with whom it “goes down.” Considered solely from the histrionic point of view, his last performance before the good people of Derby was quite among his more successful efforts. It was not so conspicuous, perhaps, for what, in the scanty vocabulary of his earlier admirers, used once to be called “epigram”; but the BOBADIL note of bluster was better maintained throughout than it sometimes is, and one felt that the simpler and less experienced of the orator’s hearers might really have been enabled by it to enjoy for a brief hour the illusion that their side is winning.

Realities, however, should take precedence of theatrical display, and Mr. GOSCHEN’s speech at the Fishmongers’ Hall, after his presentation with the freedom of their Company, claims the first attention. Both the place of his entertainment and the persons of his entertainers were of auspicious association. It was through the City of London that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER first entered public life, nearly a quarter of a century since, and it is from one of the not too numerous Liberal guilds of that City that he has now received an honour which implies that, in the opinion of its donors at all events, he is as good a Liberal to-day as he was four-and-twenty years ago. Anyhow, the list of Liberal statesmen, from GREY to RUSSELL, to which Mr. GOSCHEN’s name as a freeman of the Company has now been added, contains names which posterity is perhaps likely to remember somewhat longer, and to connect more closely with the famous political achievements of the party, than those of Mr. GLADSTONE’s present associates. The guest of the evening, however, had naturally only an incidental reference to make to the party creed held in common by his hosts and himself. He spoke chiefly as a Unionist and of the cause of the Union; and his report of that cause and its prospects was as all of us, not even excluding (in their secret hearts) the Gladstonians themselves, were well aware that it must and would be, of a highly encouraging nature. It was full of that best sort of encouragement which reports convey to those who consider not merely the tone which pervades them but the facts which they contain. If, said Mr. GOSCHEN, our friends the Gladstonians are content with the results of the political conflict thus far, “so in all humility are we; and there are few Unionists, Conservative or Liberal” (we ourselves

venture to add that there are, in reality, few Separatists, English or Irish), "who are not disposed to think that, at the moment, we are stronger than we were a year ago. We had an arduous Parliamentary session; we have had an equally arduous Parliamentary recess." Ministers are satisfied with the session because "it taught them that they could rely upon the alliance which is at the bottom of the present strength of HER MAJESTY'S Government," and they have equally good reason to be satisfied with the results of the recess. The Gladstonians, as Mr. GOSCHEN reminds us, intended in the course of the last six months to sweep the Unionist party away. They intended, he said, to "raise the country against us"; "to create an agitation so strong and so certain to be successful that when Parliament met we should bow our diminished heads, and should in all humility ask Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. PARNELL, and his friends to relieve us of the responsibility which we were no longer able to bear." It was unnecessary to add that that is not the spirit in which Ministers are about to meet Parliament. The contrary is evident enough from the note of cheerful confidence which rings through every speech they have delivered. It is quite clear—it must be admitted even by the enemy—that, whether the cause of the Union is or is not winning everywhere, it is the strong and ever-strengthening conviction of Unionists themselves, from the chief Ministers down to the obscurest of their followers, that such is the case.

What facts has Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT got to oppose to this conviction? Words to assail it with we know he has—in abundance—but what facts? When he has done cracking jokes on Lord SALISBURY'S "tobogganing" metaphor—a metaphor which implicitly contains all the witticisms, such as they are, which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT seemed to regard as additions of his own—when this and similar diversions come to an end, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speech, for all practical purposes, is at an end also. Occasionally, indeed, the speaker threw out some casual and conventional party taunt, or rehearsed the "regulation" article of faith about "the country being on the side of" whatever retrogression it may suit Mr. GLADSTONE'S satellites to represent as progress; but no jot or tittle of positive evidence was offered in proof of this latter assertion, nor did Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT even venture to explain away the negative evidence which makes, as Mr. GOSCHEN has insisted so strongly, for the opposite conclusion. It is true we are treated to the thrice-told tale of Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and all the rest of it, with the supposed inductive inference therefrom that whatever policy the Liberals support and the Conservatives oppose must ultimately be adopted by the country. At this time of day it would be disrespectful to the public intelligence to labour the two severally complete replies to this; first, that the question whether it is the Liberal party which is supporting Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy is the very question in dispute; and secondly, that the political ancestors—not of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: he has none, unless it be RIGBY or BUBB DOBINGTON—but of those with whom Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is now acting (a word appropriate in any meaning), can hardly be allowed to reckon their hits without their misses. Until they have explained away the awkward fact that they have been for more than two centuries opposed continuously to the existence of the Church of England, and, intermittently, to that of the monarchy, their success in winning over the country to their views has been scarcely uniform enough to form the basis of a safe induction. Let us invite Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to drop history, and, descending to contemporary fact, to state what grounds he has for thinking that Mr. GLADSTONE has made good his lieutenant's singular boast, and proved himself so much wiser than the "Roman fool" in his choice between the *victrix* and the *victu causa*. "I was going," said Sir WILLIAM proudly, "to apply to the two statesmen a saying which was applied in ancient times to two great opponents" (Cato and the Gods?), "and I would say that the conquering cause commended itself to Mr. GLADSTONE and the vanquished to Lord SALISBURY." No doubt the conquering cause has always commended itself to Mr. GLADSTONE—or, rather, he has commended himself to it whenever he has correctly discerned it, which, we admit, he has pretty frequently done. But where is the evidence that he has correctly discerned it here in this case? Where, we ask with Mr. GOSCHEN, are the indignant crowds which were to have risen against the Crimes Act and swept the Government from office? *Et responsum est ab omnibus*, &c. They are not to be found. The country is perfectly calm under all the froth and fury of the Gladstonian stump-orators; and upon them lies the

burden of showing that its calmness is other than the tranquillity of content.

The interest of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S address to the Constitutional Union on Procedure Reform has been rather impaired since it was delivered by the references to the question in the House of Commons. From these it is to be gathered that the Government do not contemplate any very considerable changes or extensions of the present Rules, and it is therefore unnecessary to follow Sir MICHAEL through the five divisions of his subject. He did, however, refer at the commencement of his remarks to the particular question to which Ministers, we imagine, are directing their chief attention—that, namely, of providing some more effective means of repressing disorderly behaviour and disgraceful language in the House of Commons—and here he is to be congratulated on having been the first to recognize the right and duty of the House to push its disciplinary action, if necessary, in these cases beyond the limits of a mere suspension of the offenders. The spirit displayed by those members who "take a pride in defying the House," and perhaps "even desire to bring it into contempt and disgrace," cannot, as he justly says, be adequately dealt with by any change in the Rules of Procedure, which can do no more than check its manifestation. It must be punished, not through the offending member, but through his constituency. If a member disgrace himself by continual conduct of that sort, the House of Commons, if it chooses, may expel that member. If the constituency persists in returning similar offenders, the House may decline to allow the issue of a fresh writ for that constituency, even, if necessary, for the whole duration of a Parliament. "And I must say I feel," added Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, "that one instance of an exercise of the power of the House in that way would do very much indeed to make insolence and obstruction less popular with Irish constituencies than they are at the present time." We think so too; and, as it seems more than probable that, in the case of one notorious member, at any rate, the House will soon be confronted with the necessity of such action, it would do well to familiarize itself therewith by antecedent discussion.

NAVAL ADMINISTRATION.

THE quarrel over the navy started by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S resignation has died at an unexpectedly early age. It suffered from a congenital want of stamina, and turned out, after all, not to have vivacity enough to preserve it from extinction. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had the easy task of slaying the slain when he made his promised answer to his late subordinate last week. Lord CHARLES and his friends had done the First Lord's work for him already when they had once acknowledged that the Civil Head of the Admiralty must in the long run be master in the office. Since on their own showing the First Lord was not bound to take the advice of experts, simply because it was their advice, they, for their part, were bound to show that he differed from them on some point of vital importance. They have conspicuously failed to do anything of the kind. It turns out that the ostensible cause of quarrel was, whether certain naval officers were to be paid on what Lord CHARLES himself considers an extravagant scale. The cause of dispute was the more unhappily chosen that it had already been disposed of in the office, and was revived by Lord CHARLES himself, in what he calls "Saxon," and what we are inclined to guess was the style of Mr. CHUCKS. Let us hope the correspondence will be laid before Parliament.

We have still to learn what it is exactly that the naval officers wish to have done to improve the Admiralty. Admiral Sir G. HORNBY, Admiral Sir G. ELLIOT, Admiral Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON, and admirals not a few have written to explain; but, after all, we remain in as much doubt as before. These officers agree that the First Lord must be captain of the ship, and yet they wish to keep him, in some way or another, under check, if not under control, by a council of experts. The two wishes are hardly compatible. Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON expressly declares that "nothing would be allowed in them [*i.e.* the experts] resembling petulance, fault-finding, or insubordination. But who is to be judge? Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON must surely know that a resolute First Lord—a man of PALMERSTON'S self-will or Lord DALHOUSIE'S—would very soon make his Sea Lords understand that any action of theirs which in any way hampered him would be considered as

petulance, fault-finding, and insubordination. The only alternative to the absolute authority of the First Lord would be some entire change of system which would put the government of the navy into other hands. It does not appear, however, that the Admirals ask for this. No doubt a wise First Lord will be largely guided by the opinions of naval officers; but it is not pretended that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has neglected the advice of his experts. Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON complains that we have no security that his successors will be equally competent. But what guarantee can we have? The Admiral must know that the value of every system depends on the men who administer it. Government by experts is no security for good administration. The French army has always been under the control of generals, and yet all the world knows that before 1870 it was allowed to fall into the most disgraceful state, and was found, like the Spanish forces described by the Duke of WELLINGTON, to be wanting in everything at the critical moment. The French navy is administered by experts, and yet it is certain that it suffers from some of the worst defects of our own administration. Money is wasted in the dockyards, ships take an inordinate time to build, torpedo-boats fastened with lead rivets are supplied. The Chamber cuts down the Estimates without mercy. Under the same system the same things might happen here. The only security against them is the existence of a high standard of honour and of faculty for doing good work in the Admiralty. These things may be found, and, by general consent, are found at present in our own administration. There is only one security for their permanence, and it is the firmly expressed resolution of the country to have a good navy. As long as politicians have to count with that, every Cabinet will take care not to incur unpopularity by neglect. Parliament will vote the money the country is willing to spend. Naval officers can do their share of the work by settling in their own minds what a good navy ought to be and explaining the same publicly. They are ready enough to write letters to the papers. As for schemes of reorganization, enough money and time has been wasted on them already.

A SUGGESTION TO THE ABLE EDITOR.

IT may be taken as acknowledged on all hands that Prince BISMARCK has made a very interesting speech. We all waited for it, and a great many of us have been commenting on it. That being so, why were we not allowed to have it as delivered? We do not assert, as Cardinal MANNING might, that the reader of the daily papers has a "natural right" to the very words used by Unser REICHSKANZLER, but only that since so much was given on the subject, the space might have been occupied with the PRINCE's own words. It cannot be any dearer to telegraph a speech than to telegraph general comment and report.

Still, if several columns of close print full of the PRINCE's eloquence are more than the public can be expected to face, we might at least be spared columns of vague reports of the hazy remarks of insignificant third persons. It is useless to say that nobody need read these things. The gentleman who is looking for facts in his penny paper must read them, if only to be sure that there really is nothing in them. The able editor would surely give up publishing mere gabble if he only knew what emotions of rage and fury fill the bosom of his best customers when they find they have paid for this sort of thing:—

Madrid: Tuesday night.

Commenting upon the speech of Prince Bismarck, the Madrid papers echo the impressions in political and diplomatic circles that a conflict between Russia and Germany cannot long be averted. The majority of Spaniards would prefer to remain neutral in European complications.

It may be very right in the Madrid papers to "echo the impressions" of diplomatic circles. In the fine dry air of Madrid they are probably audible, though here the description suggests nothing so much as unpaid attachés playing quoits. But why should we have to listen to the echo of an echo? A journalist who was fit for anything could make up volumes of such foreign correspondence while his editor with moderate haste might tell a hundred. What does it matter whether they want to remain neutral in European complications at Madrid? Is the Republic of San Marino convulsed? Are they disturbed in the Valley of Andorra? The opinion of the Continent may be important, and it is well to know it; but it is not vague talk reported in a condensed form from outlying places, neither is it the opinion of M. A. or M. B. who signs his articles in one or the other French paper. We

never have understood why the man on the knifeboard did not arise and address the editor on the subject of these quotations. "I pay my money," he might say, "and make your paper a good advertising medium, in order to know what is going on—not because I want to hear what quite ordinary French journalists are saying, and in translations too. If it were RIVAROL or the Chevalier von GENTZ there would be some advantage in getting their opinion; but they are dead, and as for these persons you bore me withal, who are they? In ordinary times one must put up with them. You may use them to fill up space, as HORACE GREELEY telegraphed the Old Testament to keep control of the wire from Niagara; but, when Prince BISMARCK is speaking, it is really too much to be interrupted by French journalists. They are nobody, and represent nothing. They have nothing to say which a hundred gentlemen in Fleet Street could not say. As for their manner of saying it, the merit of that disappears in translation. When I want news, do not give me undigested lumps of French leading article. If you do, I will —." What the man on the knifeboard could do we do not very well know; but, if what he means is that he would transfer his subscription to the first daily which would confine its foreign correspondence to news only, report the news in proportion to its importance, remember that politics are not everything, and that the talk of journalists is not politics, he has our entire sympathy.

THE SEA-URCHIN.

MAN is, no doubt, the happier and better for most things that come out of the sea, but unfortunately in the British islands prejudice cuts us off from more than half the joy and comfort which we might have. On the Mediterranean coasts, however, the people are wiser, and all manner of assorted sea creatures are eaten under the name of *fruits de mer*, *coquillages*, and *frutte di mare*; they are almost all good, but our present object is to sing the praises of the type of the Echinodermata. The sea-urchin—sea-hedgehog, or sea-egg, as he is called on our coasts—most people who have been to the sea-side know him by sight, either in the form of a sort of dark but vividly coloured horse-chestnut, or, when the spines are nibbled off, in the form of a misshapen, beautifully carved egg. But few who have not been on the Mediterranean shore know this creature at table, and perhaps he there shines more brilliantly than elsewhere. The flattened side of this animal's shell having been cut out with a pair of scissors, and the rest having been given a sluice out with sea-water, there is revealed to our sight a delicate enamel saucer, with radiating leaves of orange-coloured—shall we call it jelly, or what?—sticking to the sides. This must be carefully scraped out with a teaspoon, or wiped out with a piece of crumb of bread and eaten. There are always bold persons who, in attempting to describe unknown food, will cheerfully say that it tastes like something else, as if anything tasted like anything else. Such a one would probably say that sea-urchins tasted like oysters, or like periwinkles, or tasted of the sea—and perhaps he would not be wrong. We prefer to say that they taste like sea-urchins. On the French coast they have the advantage of costing from one penny to twopence the dozen, and a dozen with bread and butter make a very good lunch. This is a merit, that the urchin is very good to eat; but that is not an end of him. You save one sea-urchin from your meal, and put him in a pot of sea-water; soon he begins to put out a number of fine threads, each ending in a tiny sucker about the size of a pin's head, and lays hold of the sides of the pot and hauls himself about. Then, too, when there is an end of him, you can puzzle over the beautiful and complicated bony framework of his jaws, which naturalists choose for some occult reason to call the lantern of Aristotle. Plain folk only know of the lantern of Diogenes. Again, the enjoyer of the sea-urchin, if fortunate enough to possess a good magnifying glass, can look for the madriporiform tubercle, and whilst shuddering at the name can admire the beauty of this filter by which the water is cleared from grit. The water passing through this has to be perfectly limpid, for it is used in the complicated hydraulic machinery by which the thread-like sucker-ended mooring and warping lines are worked—we regret to say that this beautiful apparatus is called the Ambulacral system. Again, in the morning when it is warm, but the sun not too high, if it is a calm day let the student consider the subject of his study from the point of view of the sportsman—let him take a boat and say that he wishes to *faire quelques oursins* (if he be in France). He will be provided with the necessary instrument, which consists of a long pole, at the end of which are a series of strong iron prongs, forming what would probably be called in a neighbouring island "a fork in the shape of a spoon." The fishing-ground is some spot in from three to five feet of water, with a rocky and slightly weedy bottom. On reaching the ground a sharp look-out must be kept, and if the water be at all ruffled with the wind, a few drops of oil must be sprinkled on it from time to time from a feather to ensure a transparent surface. When the game is sighted the fork part of the instrument comes into play to scrape the urchin out from his

lair under the rocks, for he seldom is weak enough to walk about on a smooth surface; when the quarry is perfectly loosened, the fork assumes the function of a spoon, and the game is raised to the surface, and deposited in the bottom of the boat. The sport sounds tame, but in reality, owing to the difficulty of excavating some particularly fine specimen from his rock cranny, the movement of the boat, and the occasional spilling of a sea-urchin out of the spoon just as the surface is reached, is most exciting. Perhaps the excitement is mild, but it is quite enough on a fine warm day, floating on a violet sea, with a sapphire sky overhead, and a letter in the pocket dated two days ago from London saying, "We are having very fine weather here now; no frost, and since yesterday but little fog; indeed, I have been able to go out several times last week, &c." Nor must it be imagined that the sea-urchin forms the only game to be met with in these happy hunting-grounds, and to be taken by the simple instrument we have described. Sometimes, in trying to dig out a sea-urchin, a whole patch of weed will be seen to move and develop legs. A pang of joy passes through the heart of the experienced fisher, and he uses his utmost skill to spoon up what he knows to be a spider crab. If he succeeds, he knows that he will have an excellent delicacy to add to his meal. We may also take sea-anemones, good for Bouillabaisse; Venus's ears, known in these waters as Oreilles de St. Pierre, good to stew; varicoloured weed and quaint starfish; and occasionally a large octopus may be partly coaxed, partly wrenched from the rocks, and may be stewed, fried, or added to Bouillabaisse. But, above all, the sport is pursued in fine, calm weather only, in a boat, and there is no need to hurry or to strike quickly, or generally put oneself out.

DE MORTUIS.

WE should be very sorry to find that, by mere unwittingness, we killed that excellent and veteran dramatist Mr. Maddison Morton last week if the accident had not brought out the eminent and beneficent powers of Mr. Punch, who has promptly made Mr. Morton alive again. In one sense, neither his nor our exertions were required, for the author of *Box and Cox* is immortal already. But it may be a warning to evildoers to show how easily we can kill; and it cannot but be good for morals to show Mr. Punch in an attitude which was not exactly that of his earlier and praiseworthy days. He used, if perambulating comedians do not malign him, to be rather addicted to—let us say to the other proceeding. But Moral Progress has turned him from a man—or at least child- and wife-slayer, much in danger of the hangman, and even of worse avengers, into a resuscitator (by which Heaven forbid that we should mean a resurrection-man). And, to drop metaphor, we are very much obliged to Mr. Punch for correcting our mistake, very glad that it was a mistake, and very ready to apologize to Mr. Morton for anticipating his immortality. We only wish that all men of his age could look back on such unblemished services to the public as he can.

But this little unintentional homicide, which the magic wand of Mr. Punch has happily set right, makes us think of certain other things where homicide has also been committed, and where resuscitation seems more difficult, though the things and persons in question still walk abroad after a fashion and simulate a ghastly life. What shall we say, for instance, of the knowingness of Mr. Labouchere, who is nothing if not knowing? Here is Mr. Labouchere, in his periodical of this week, asking why colleges which are hard up, and St. John's College, Oxford, in particular, do not economize by curtailing their ridiculous expense in wine? Mr. Labouchere, we think, was a University man, which makes this utterance more surprising. Does he really think that, if the lamented Alderman Falkiner, who never went to bed without six bottles of claret under his belt, were a fellow of a college, and pursued that practice, the cost of six bottles *per diem* of '64 Lafite, bought judgmatically, and interest charged at five per cent., would come upon the college funds? Is he unaware that the sole expense which comes upon those funds is the first cost, which is repaid as the wine is drunk? If he is unaware of all this, what becomes of the knowingness of Mr. Labouchere? If he is aware of it, what becomes of his—let us say trustworthiness? But, perhaps, when colleges and crowned heads are in question these things do not matter; and so Mr. Labouchere's knowingness, in a sense, still survives.

There are other entities of which we cannot take quite so cheerful a view. What poppy or mandragora, or rather—for these are not the right things—what treacle or mithridate shall ever antidote the poison which has been self-administered to the reputations of divers politicians in these last months? We do not speak of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and their likes—the bubble reputation has burst long ago there, and nobody but a lunatic would seek to mend it. But who shall revivify Sir George Trevelyan's consistency, Sir William Harcourt's wit, Mr. Blunt's Arab chivalry, and many other snows of yester year? Will Mr. Punch touch them with his wand? Although Mr. Punch has sometimes lately shown an inscrutable tendency to favour that same Irish blackguardism which once he represented as kicked across the Ocean, and more recently as lurking in its proper form behind a curtain—we don't think he would or could do it. And if he cannot, who shall?

"Now, what can they mean by denying these things?" said an innocent person the other day in reference to the attempts

of the Separatists and their leaders to deny that within less than half as many months as there were votes to gain by the denial the said Separatist leaders and organs were accusing the Parnellites of exactly those crimes of which they now declare them totally guiltless. That is a question which can only be answered by some such theory of stone-deadness as that which we have hinted at. Sir William Harcourt thinks that his own utterances when he spoke not six years ago on a certain Crimes Bill are as dead as the shivers which he underwent in consequence of certain consequences of that Bill. Mr. Gladstone thinks that his imprisonment of Mr. Parnell is dead, that his remarks on that imprisonment are dead, that his legislation against the Land League is dead, and that there is no danger of anybody making it alive again. As for Sir George Trevelyan, the charitable have another theory for him. Mere boredom is, no doubt, the secret of Sir George's apparently eccentric behaviour on the Home Rule question. At the beginning thereof who so attentive, who so heroic as Sir George? But time goes on, and the same old question continues. "I say," says Sir George, "let's have something else." And he determines that, as far as he is concerned, he will. Still it appears to be the general impression, and not merely, as Mr. Gladstone would like to have it, the impression in "the South of England," that all these sayings and doings of the distinguished persons referred to are not dead and may possibly go on rising in judgment against them—a most improper and ungentlemanly thing, doubtless, of bygone words and things to do, and yet somehow it is done. On Thursday last, for instance, men saw a Parliament meeting with Mr. Gladstone, who ruthlessly crushed twenty years ago the Fenianism which was an almost respectable thing compared with the League of Murder, who imprisoned Irish leaders by dozens only the other day, and who received with modest smiles and heartfelt sense of rectitude the cheers of Englishmen when he announced their incarceration;—with Sir William Harcourt, who by turns thundered at Irishmen and shivered in his shoes at them about the same very recent time, who talked about "Parnellite juice" but a few months ago;—with Sir George Trevelyan, who has come to Mr. Gladstone's heel like a whipped hound after a slight truncheon, and who but a short time since was, like the same hound unwhipped, chasing at Mr. Gladstone's order Irish Nationalists to gaols and plank-beds;—with all these and others alive, hearty, and ready for business. When they see such men hobnobbing with their former victims and convicts, what do they think? That is a very interesting question, and the answers are various. The cynic of course says that they don't think anything at all; first of all because the operation of thinking is one with which they are unfamiliar, and, secondly, because they have not the necessary knowledge. They may have begun the study of Irish affairs at about the same time as Mr. Gladstone; who, by his own account, carried out Lydford law in that matter, and only began to inquire whether Irishmen were not by chance innocent at the moment when he left off punishing them, or rather was deprived of the power of punishing them, as guilty. With these persons it would seem that we must borrow Mr. Punch's wand, or at least the exercise of it in the case of the venerable and excellent author of *Box and Cox*, and try to make the dead alive again. In the Session which is beginning it will constantly, we fear, be necessary to repeat old stories. It is Mr. John Morley—we think, a good authority to cite, surely, in this matter—who has said that the political person must never be afraid of repetition. Perhaps repetition in this case will hardly conduce to the welfare of Mr. Morley's party, though it will do himself no harm. And, for our part, we can assure the whole batch of Gladstonians, from Mr. Gladstone at their head to Mr. Anybody at the tail, that they will certainly, dead as they may be to honour, not be allowed to bury their dead words spoken in the days when they were honourable. How it could be right to imprison Mr. Parnell a few years ago and wrong to imprison Mr. O'Brien now; how it was virtuous of Sir George Trevelyan to send this man to gaol and wicked of Mr. Balfour to send that man for rather worse offences; how it happened that the Land League, which incited to murder and rent-stealing, was steeped in crime, and the National League, which incites to rent-stealing and murder, is steeped in innocence—these and other questions are not going to be left to moulder quietly away, as doubtless Gladstonians would like them to be allowed to moulder. It is difficult to imagine anything more foolish than the conduct of those estimable Conservatives who say, "Oh! let us forget the Irish question and go to business." The Irish question is the business, and till it is—not shelved, but well and thoroughly knocked on the head by good hard strokes for many weeks and months—there will be no peace, not anything like peace. And among those good hard strokes none can be better and harder than the constant repetition that the record of every Gladstonian of eminence, with two or three exceptions, is fatal to his competence and his honesty in this matter. He may have been a reckless or a thoughtless tyrant three short years ago; he may be a reckless or a thoughtless revolutionary now. But he must take his choice of one or the other category. And, whichever he elects to figure in, it will hardly be thought that he is a fit and proper person to be entrusted with the government and, what is more, with the reconstruction of the government of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE POPE AND THE PILGRIMS.

THAT "there is nothing so misleading as facts except figures" is an axiomatic or epigrammatic paradox which has only too often been illustrated from the apparently endless wrangle alike over the minutest details and the gravest problems of history. But we may well cease to marvel at the startling historical divergences which were satirized by Thucydides two thousand years ago when we find no closer agreement attainable about events which are happening under our own eyes. It is barely ten days ago that the Pope gave audience to a body of 300 Irish pilgrims, headed by Archbishop Walsh and seven bishops, and already the most diametrically opposite versions are circulated and credited in various quarters of what he said to them. To be sure one of these versions rests mainly on the authority of Archbishop Walsh, and on such matters Irish Nationalists, and especially Nationalist ecclesiastics, can hardly be considered very trustworthy witnesses. According to what appear to be authentic reports of the address, both French and Latin, his Holiness inculcated on his hearers in distinct, if not very incisive, terms the paramount duty of obedience to the law. After some general remarks on his paternal solicitude for Ireland and regard for the integrity of her faith, we find a reference to the mission of Mgr. Persico and to the papal missive addressed to Cardinal MacCabe, then Archbishop of Dublin, four or five years ago, which, it will be remembered, sternly denounced the Land League. We give the passage as reported, the italics being our own:—

And you are right in remaining firmly trustful in our good will, for we shall not cease to treat the Irish with that love which justice claims; and we shall also persevere in watching over their tranquillity and prosperity, so that it may be acknowledged that we have always responded to the hope placed in us by you. Of that bent of our mind you have at this very moment a striking testimony in the fact that in connexion with the present state of affairs we sent on a definite mission our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Damietta, in order that it might be possible for us to know further from his report what is the condition of things and what is best suited to you. But the difficulty is pressing. What we have indicated in the letter which we addressed in former years to the Archbishop of Dublin must be taken as a sure and firm rule of conduct. This is required not only by religion—that religion which is the principal praise of the Irish nation—but by the common advantage, because at no time can it be useful to society to violate justice, the foundation of order and all well-being.

The Irish are next reminded of his Holiness's recent policy in Germany, where "the Catholics escaped the dangers which threatened them by their moderation and respect for law. Why should not the result of similar conduct be the same in Ireland?" The injunction might be clothed in stronger language, but its drift at least seems unmistakable, and it must be remembered that Mgr. Persico's report has not yet been presented, on which Leo XIII. may intend to base a more decisive verdict. Whether the accuracy of the text of the discourse we have quoted is called in question does not clearly appear, but at all events it is wholly evacuated of its obvious and natural sense, if the statement of Archbishop Walsh may be trusted, who declares, according to the Roman Correspondent of the *Times*, "that in a private audience granted to the Irish bishops the Pope delivered another version of his mind, whereby 'the interests of Ireland'—as Dr. Walsh understands them—"were to be protected from the influence which was expected to be exercised by the public address of his Holiness to the Irish pilgrims, among whom there may have been some loyal or indiscreet persons." Leo XIII. is thus represented by Dr. Walsh, if we may be pardoned the use of plain language, as a very artless dodger indeed. He first makes a diplomatic address to the Irish pilgrims studiously framed to bamboozle such "loyal or indiscreet persons" as might be present—the Duke of Norfolk was one of them—and through them the British public generally, and the same evening in a private interview with the Irish bishops—whom he has more than once pretty sharply reprimanded before, and some of whom have not obscurely threatened to foment a schism if their wishes are disregarded—assures them that his public address was only meant to throw dust in the eyes of the public, and that he really sided with them and their Parnellite friends all the time. And finally he permits, or does not forbid, Dr. Walsh to blurt out this nice little secret a few days afterwards, for the edification of the Separatist party. The *Times* Correspondent—who is "as far as possible from a Catholic"—entirely refuses to believe that the Pontiff thus "palters in a double sense," and, judging from everything that is known of Leo XIII., both before and after his accession to the Papacy, we fully agree with him. We too feel no doubt that the Pope "is as incapable of the haggling for a price, of which his enemies suspect him, as of the evasion"—not to add stupidity—"of which this report (of Dr. Walsh's) would accuse him." It may be added that a later telegram of February 8 cites a message from his Holiness conveyed to the bishops through the Prefect of Propaganda, on their departure from Rome, directing them "to preach to the Irish people respect for the law and a calm and prudent line of conduct;" i.e. bidding them do the precise contrary of what they have been doing hitherto.

The real difficulty of the situation at Rome is indicated by the same Correspondent, as we have more than once indicated it ourselves, in a passage which has also an important bearing, as he himself points out, on the question of restoring diplomatic relations with the Vatican. It is certainly true that the Pope is surrounded by advisers of different policies, to whom he is obliged from their position to pay some show of deference, and that,

owing to the want of any official intercourse with England, "his nearest and most numerous advisers (on this question) are the Catholic bishops of Ireland, who, with Cardinal Manning, are the most determined and dangerous enemies of the preservation of the Union, and whose whole influence is exerted in support of the Separatist agitation." On the other side indeed are the loyal English (Roman Catholic) bishops—with one or two exceptions—and the loyal nobility and gentry, at the head of whom stands the Duke of Norfolk; but, adds the writer, "under the disadvantage that their primate"—he is, by the way, giving Cardinal Manning a title to which he can lay no claim—"is doing everything in his power to destroy the influence which they might exert in favour of the Government." A Pope who was weak or narrow-minded, or who really sympathized with Parnellism, could hardly have failed long before now to be drawn over by so strong and persistent a pressure to the Separatist side. It speaks much for the firmness of Leo XIII., and his genuine sympathy with the cause of law and order, that during this long contest he has shown no sign of yielding to the urgent pressure put upon him, and that he has now seized the occasion of receiving a numerous deputation of Parnellite pilgrims, who came before him with their mouths full of national blarney and in the undisguised hope of securing his sanction for their continuance in a course of shameless defiance of the laws of God and man, to put on record a firm and dignified, if temperate, assertion of the indefeasible obligations of justice and civil obedience. And it is a very instructive circumstance, to which the same Correspondent calls attention, that the most strenuous opponents of the scheme for reopening diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican are precisely those prelates who are the keenest advocates of Home Rule—Cardinal Manning and the Irish archbishops and bishops as well in Ireland as in the Colonies. They know well enough—none better than the Cardinal Archbishop—that the residence of a papal nuncio in England would deprive them of the virtually absolute authority in all matters relating to their Church which they now exercise, including *inter alia* the selection of Colonial bishops. The Cardinal is said to be in the habit of despatching to Rome at brief intervals an elaborate report of the state of things ecclesiastical and political in England, and his activity in this respect would of course be curtailed or superseded by the presence of a nuncio.

In this connexion the appointment of Colonial bishops is not so trivial a matter as may at first sight appear. The Irish are much the same in the Colonies as they are at home, and are always ready to "boycott" any bishop or priest who is not to their liking, notably if he is an Englishman. Thus e.g. the late Catholic metropolitan of Australia, Archbishop Vaughan, was a man of popular gifts and with a strong wrist, and was able, albeit an Englishman, to hold his own with the universal respect of his Protestant fellow-citizens as well as of his own flock. His successor, Cardinal Moran, whom the Pope had designed to translate to Dublin in place of Dr. Walsh and who had the reputation of a loyalist, is said to have fallen helplessly into the hands of the Irish priesthood, while one of his suffragans—Bishop Torregiani of Armidale, an Italian monk who during twenty-five years of parochial work in this country thoroughly naturalized himself as an Englishman, and who was appointed bishop at Archbishop Vaughan's request—narrowly escaped being murdered three or four years ago by an Irish fanatic, whom his judges, with questionable leniency, consigned to a lunatic asylum instead of to penal servitude. He had felt bound to suspend three Irish priests, who were dragged away from the altar trying to say mass when drunk, and it came out on the trial that this miscreant, who fired at the bishop, while celebrating High Mass in his Cathedral on Christmas Day, had been for several weeks in close personal intercourse with one of these three clerical worthies. We merely recall the incident—which found its way at the time from the Australian into the English newspapers—in order to show that the Ethiopian does not change his skin by transplantation to another clime. It is much to be desired that the Pope may see his way to formulating some authoritative decision on the burning question at issue between Bishop O'Dwyer and Bishop Healy and all or nearly all their episcopal colleagues, backed by the great bulk of the Irish priesthood, as to the relative obligations of obedience to the behests of the National (Theft and Murder) League, and obedience to the second table of the Decalogue. To obey both is of course impossible. No man can serve two masters. And in this purely moral question, whatever may be thought of Home Rule in the abstract, the Pope is obviously entitled to speak with full authority to his spiritual subjects. Nor can he entertain any doubt that the English Government is just as much bound forcibly to suppress the Plan of Campaign as it was bound to suppress, and did suppress, Indian Thuggee, with which indeed the Plan has much in common. In one respect indeed the comparison is a libel—on the Thugs; for they were content to murder, as part of their religion, without—so far as we are aware—undertaking to canonize murderers. And we are taught on very high authority that to take delight in those who commit criminal acts, including "murder," betrays a yet lower depth of moral degradation than to commit them oneself. But Archbishop Croke, the *Freeman's Journal*, *ad id genus omne*, have done their best to canonize "the Manchester martyrs," while they more than condone the saintly exploits of the heroes of Phoenix Park notoriety—possibly agreeing with Mgr. O'Reilly that they "were suborned by the Dublin Castle officials." But this by the way. In directing the attention of the Irish pilgrims to his letter to the late Cardinal MacCabe, which "must be taken as a firm and sure rule of con-

duct," and reminding them that the religion on which their nation prides itself, no less than the well being of the community, forbids all violation of justice and social order, the Pope has already by necessary implication condemned the National League and the Plan of Campaign. That he should defer any final pronouncement till he has received the fuller information which is being collected for him in Ireland by his appointed delegate is intelligible enough and needs no defence. But that he is meanwhile preaching to the Irish faithful in public, in presence of "loyal" Englishmen, the duty of peaceful law-abiding citizens, and preaching violence and sedition in private to their spiritual leaders—that, *pace* Dr. Walsh, is neither intelligible nor fairly credible. It has been left for this Parnellite arch-priest to insinuate against the supreme head of his Church an infamy which the bitterest Protestant would have shrunk from suggesting, and which none but Irish Catholics are likely for a moment to believe.

HAES.

THE past shooting-season has been one of the best ever known for grouse, partridges, and pheasants; but it has been about the worst within living memory for hares. Without doubt, if they had had a chance, hares would have been proportionately as plentiful as winged game; the spring and summer were all in their favour, and this very fact makes their decrease the more remarkable. So evident is this decrease that many things are more improbable than that hares should become extinct in England if things go on as they are at present.

The Ground Game Act has affected hares far more than rabbits. The latter are so prolific that it is next to impossible to exterminate them where they have once established a firm footing under favourable conditions. Hares, on the contrary, are not great breeders, and, as they rear their families above ground, the dangers to which they are exposed are infinitely greater. Moreover, hares are prodigious fools; they seem to do all in their power to get into snares, and they proverbially offer the easiest of shots to gunners. A farmer, who wishes to be rid of them, has only to enlist the services of one of the so-called vermin-destroyers (arrant poachers would be a better name for them), and his hares will vanish in a wonderfully short space of time. Under these conditions it is scarcely to be wondered at that hares should be rapidly disappearing; but, besides all this, they labour under another serious disadvantage. It is illegal to kill owls, goat-suckers, stonehatches, larks, lapwings, or sandpipers at certain seasons of the year; we protect our coultenebs, our hoopoes, our phalaropes, and our thicknees; yet there is not a day between the 1st of January and the 31st of December on which the poor wretched hare may not be destroyed. If the vermin-catcher can but kill a hare who is on the point of having a family, he feels as virtuous as a lady who has killed what she fondly believes to be a queen-wasp in the spring.

Last Session, Colonel Dawnay's Bill to make the interval between March 12 and August 12 a close time for hares fell through; but, when we consider the many dangers to which they are exposed in these days, it may be a question whether, if it is worth while to legislate on the subject at all, it would not be well to extend the close season still further. Indeed, we should not be far wrong in saying that the second half of August is one of the most fatal times for hares, as they are ruthlessly killed during that period by farmers' men in the cornfields. When the reaping is in progress, as the patch of corn still uncut becomes smaller and smaller, the surrounding crowd of labourers, boys, loafers, and dogs keeps closing round it and becoming more and more excited. Under similar circumstances in years gone by a few rabbits were perhaps killed in the presence of the keeper, while hares were allowed to escape. Now, not only is every available rabbit worried, shot, or knocked on the head, but, whenever an unlucky hare bolts from the rapidly-diminishing cover, it has to run the gauntlet of half the mongrels of the parish, of a horde of men and lads armed with sticks and stones, as well as of the fire of every rusty single-barrelled gun that can be pressed into the service. Still, it would be a great thing if a close time were appointed even for the five months from March 12, and it is said that more than three hundred petitions, bearing some forty thousand signatures, have been prepared in favour of such a measure. If hares are not to become as rare as badgers and wild cats, something must be done, and that quickly.

SAMSON AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

A SECOND praiseworthy performance was given at the People's Palace on Saturday last by the Handel Society. The work chosen was Handel's Oratorio of *Samson*. This, one of his finest compositions, is unfortunately seldom heard in its entirety, although written in the zenith of his power. It was begun and completed within a month after the production of the "Messiah" in 1741. Handel himself thought it one of his greatest works, and is said (after he was blind) always to have wept at the air "Total eclipse." This was sung with great pathos by Mr. John Probert, for whom we venture to predict an important career. His rendering of the duet "Go, baffled coward, go," with Mr. H. Pope was given with much dramatic force and vigour. The Society

altogether was very fortunate in the choice of soloists. Miss Philippine Siedle has a clear and very true soprano with a good upper register, and Mme. Julia Lennox a sympathetic and fine-toned contralto, but we wish she would control the almost continual "tremolo" which is too often the snare of otherwise excellent singers. These two ladies were sisters, and evidently very popular. Mr. H. Pope, who took the bass part at short notice, has a fine, well-trained voice, but with an occasional thickness of articulation; and Mr. Williams kindly undertook the part of the Messenger when Mr. Probert was called away. "Let the Bright Seraphim" of course was encored, and the trumpet obligato (Mr. Morrow) was all that could be wished. Both chorus and orchestra showed marked improvement under Mr. Docker's conductorship, but still we wish the voices were rather stronger, as they are overweighted by the instruments. This is so especially with the tenors, a gallant little band of twelve who did wonders, considering their number. Out of the 260 members of the Society there were only about 135 performing on Saturday. The slow, massive choruses were excellently rendered, especially "Round about the starry throne," "Great Dagon," and the Chorus of Virgins; but both chorus and orchestra get flurried in the fast movements, and are inclined to hurry. In spite of this fault, the orchestra played the fugue (allegro) in the overture far better than the first slow movement. All the parts warmed up to their work and improved as they went on, helped greatly by Mr. Croager's fine bursts of "organ."

The Handel Society has the distinction of being entirely amateur, both as to chorus and orchestra, and although it would be unfair to expect the complete accuracy and finish of a professional rendering, or even of those musical Societies which are supported by professional orchestras, it was a most creditable performance. The managers of the Society show a very wise judgment in having most of their public concerts in parts of London where they give the greatest pleasure, and away from the critical competition of "West End" performances. We only wish the "West End" audiences were as sympathetic and enthusiastic as the audience of last Saturday. The hall was crammed, notwithstanding the many rival attractions in the neighbourhood; even another oratorio, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, was given close by the same evening at the Tynbee Hall. We are indebted to the Handel Society for the reproduction of many of Handel's works—*Samson*, *Belshazzar*, *Jephtha*, &c.; nor does it confine itself entirely to his compositions; Gluck, Cherubini, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Raff, and many others are to be found on its list. It was started in November 1882, and we hope has a long and prosperous career before it.

THE STATE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE publication of the Austro-German Treaty on Saturday morning created a very anxious feeling upon the Stock Exchange. For several weeks previously there had been a stoppage of speculation, and the smaller speculators more particularly had recognized that the condition of the Continent was too dangerous to permit of any considerable rise in prices. Consequently there was a gradual lessening of the account open by them. There were exceptions in the cases of mining shares and of copper and tin; but, speaking broadly, speculative business upon the Stock Exchange had been declining for some considerable time past. On the other hand, there had of late sprung up, as we pointed out last week, a very considerable investment business. Hopes were beginning to revive that peace would be preserved, that the unwillingness of the saving classes to allow their savings to remain any longer idle would cause a rise in investment stocks which would gradually extend to the more speculative stocks, and that thus once more speculative business would begin. And the hope was strengthened by the extreme lowness of the rates of interest and discount. In the early part of last week these hopes were growing very strong; but the publication of the Treaty completely dispelled the hope and caused, on the contrary, grave anxiety. There was nevertheless no serious fall; but this was due solely to the unwillingness of holders to sell. As our readers are aware, the members of the Stock Exchange consist of two classes—brokers, who act as agents for the public, buying or selling, as the case may be, for a commission; and jobbers, who are somewhat in the position of wholesale houses in the markets for commodities. It is the business of a jobber to either hold himself or to know where he can find at a moment's notice the stocks in which he deals, and to sell them to any broker who wishes to buy. It is also his business to buy the stocks in which he deals from brokers. His profit is derived from the difference between the price at which he buys and the price at which he sells. In ordinary times where there is a free market for a stock a jobber is willing to deal at very close prices; in other words, he will buy from a broker at about an eighth or a quarter, or, at the outside, a half per cent. under the price at which he is willing to sell. But when times become anxious, jobbers become unwilling to deal at close prices, and sometimes even are unwilling to deal at all. The object of every jobber who understands his business is at the close of each day to have as nearly as possible what, in the language of the Stock Exchange, is called an "even book"; in other words, his object is that his purchases and sales shall as nearly as possible balance each other. Now, when the public becomes anxious there is little probability that there will be much buying, and the jobber foresees that if he

goes on buying he will be unable to sell. He will in consequence, as the phrase goes, be "loaded" with stocks which he cannot get rid of. If he is wealthy his capital will gradually be all locked up, and he will practically be compelled to suspend operations; if he is not wealthy he will be obliged to borrow in order to pay for the stocks he has bought, and, should times grow worse, bankers may refuse to lend the money he requires. The result is that in times of political or financial anxiety jobbers become unwilling to buy. The offer of a very small amount of stock induces them to lower prices, and if offer succeeds offer prices fall with extraordinary rapidity, and yet the amount of business done may be exceedingly small. It will be seen that the only way, in fact, in which the jobber can protect himself when there is an eagerness on the part of the public to sell is by constantly lowering his quotations, in the hope that he may thus stop the rush of sales. On Saturday and Monday last jobbers adopted this attitude, and had holders pressed sales the fall would have been serious indeed. Luckily holders did not press sales. They were expecting Prince Bismarck's speech, and trusted that it might contain something reassuring. Consequently, they refrained from throwing their stocks on the market, and both on Saturday and on Monday, while there was extreme anxiety and even alarm, there was no material fall in prices. Prince Bismarck's speech has been regarded by the market generally as reassuring, and for the moment there has been a partial recovery in prices; but the position is very critical even yet, and any accident may cause a return of the alarm.

The course of prices depends largely upon the view which bankers may take of the political future. Of late years bankers have been increasing very rapidly the loans they make to the Stock Exchange. Formerly lending upon the Stock Exchange was left either to special houses or only engaged in to a very small extent by ordinary bankers; but of late the resources have grown so large, while the discount business has shrunk so considerably, that bankers, almost without exception, have turned to the Stock Exchange as one of the most profitable ways of employing their deposits. Unfortunately, the system they adopt is calculated to cause great fluctuations in prices and sometimes grave disaster. There are twenty-four settling-days in the year upon the Stock Exchange, the interval between one settling-day and another varying from 14 to 19 days; and the usual practice of bankers is to lend only from one settling-day to the following settling-day. They are thus able to call in their loans in a fortnight or a little more if they should require to do so. Of course there are numerous occasions on which they lend to houses in very good credit for longer periods, but we are speaking of the more usual mode of business. And, further, the bankers ordinarily lend at what is called a "10 per cent. margin." Suppose, for instance, the stock stands exactly at par, the banker will lend 90 per cent. of the money upon it, provided the borrowing broker lodges with him what is called "cover" to the extent of 10 per cent., the "cover" being either in cash or in assured securities. And it is a condition of the transaction that the borrower shall always keep up this "10 per cent. margin." If there is a fall in the price of the stock, the borrower is at once called upon by the banker to make good his "cover"; if he is unable to do so, then the stock upon which the money is lent is sold; and, if many borrowers should be unable to make up their "cover," and consequently the sales should be numerous, these large sales cause a further fall in prices. Then other borrowers are called upon to make good their "cover," and in this way a multitude of sales may be forced on, and a heavy fall may result. No doubt the borrowers are largely to blame; but borrowers are proverbially sanguine, and of all borrowers speculators are the most so. As a matter of course they would not buy stocks did they not believe that prices were about to rise, and, consequently, they borrow with a light heart upon the conditions imposed by bankers. But the bankers are professional dealers in money, and as they lend only for a moderate rate of interest, they ought to think, not only for themselves, but for the borrowers, and more particularly for the general public. They should so frame their mode of doing business that it would inflict a minimum amount of suffering. A much more prudent and satisfactory course would be to insist upon a larger margin of cover being deposited in the beginning, say, 25 or 30 per cent. A fall of 25 or 30 per cent. is most unusual, and therefore it is rarely that forced sales of any amount would occur under this system. Further, the banker being fairly well protected under the suggested arrangement, should agree with the borrower that he would not insist upon the full 25 or 30 per cent. margin being kept up, but that a very much smaller margin would suffice. A reform of this kind would protect the banker better than the present system, would avoid the violent fluctuations in prices that now so often occur and the heavy losses inflicted upon borrowers, and, lastly, it would give a salutary check to reckless and wild speculation.

Even, however, if bankers here at home preserve their heads, and avoid, as far as they reasonably can, inflicting losses upon their customers, the markets may be disturbed by the action of the Continental Bourses. In Berlin more particularly there has been a very large and a very reckless speculation for the past four years. The speculation has been most rash in the securities of the Russian Government, but it has been wild in various other departments. If the bankers and speculators of Berlin should become alarmed, they may begin to sell on a vast scale. They are not likely to do so, it is true, unless the outbreak of war appears to them imminent; for it is certain that large sales by

them would prevent all the other Bourses and Stock Exchanges from buying. There would, in consequence, be a very heavy fall, and the bankers and speculators of Berlin in consequence would suffer grievous loss. But, if the belief should become general in Berlin that war cannot be avoided and will come soon, they may face even this serious loss rather than be caught by the outbreak of war in the midst of the reckless speculation they have so long been carrying on. It is also possible that there may be a breakdown of the speculation in Paris. In Paris the speculation has chiefly been in copper and copper-mining shares, but it is understood that there has also been a considerable speculation in Russian bonds; and, if alarm should grow up in Paris, selling might begin there, and this might cause a great disturbance on the London Stock Exchange. The probability appears to be, indeed, that there will not be a very heavy fall unless the political situation becomes much worse than it is at present; but that there will be intermittent scares is extremely likely. Prince Bismarck's speech has somewhat reassured the Bourses and the Stock Exchange, but it has not dispelled anxiety. Too much is obscure and uncertain to allow of a revival of confidence, and while alarm exists every accident will induce some few speculators to sell, and every attempt to force sales will compel jobbers in their own defence to put down prices. On the other hand, everything reassuring that occurs will induce speculators for the fall to buy back what they have sold without possessing, and thus will cause a recovery in prices. Until, then, the political situation is cleared up in one way or another, the probability seems to be that we shall have every now and then a fall more or less material in prices, and that this will be followed at a short interval by a recovery more or less complete. Should war actually break out there can hardly fail to be a great fall in prices. The prices of some securities may indeed fall from 20 to 40 per cent., notably Russian bonds. Even if war is avoided, should the Austrian Government considerably increase its armaments, or ask for a very large vote, the likelihood seems to be that the fall will be considerable. On the other hand, there is this favourable circumstance, that the amount of speculation, here in London, at all events, has been greatly reduced during the past few months, and that consequently a great crash upon the London Stock Exchange is not probable. The disaster will mainly fall upon the Berlin and the Paris Bourses, if there should be a war. The crisis, should it come, will be rendered more serious if there is a financial crash either in Berlin or Paris, leading to a large drain of gold from London. But if, on the other hand, the world having now had such ample warning, there should be an export of gold from the Continent to this country, keeping the rates of interest and discount here moderately low, the crisis here would be greatly diminished. Then bankers would be more disposed to lend than if there was a financial alarm added to a political and Stock Exchange scare. But in any case the outbreak of war could hardly fail to be accompanied by a very serious crisis.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE Fine Art Society have opened another exhibition of the water-colour drawings of Mr. A. N. Roussoff. In the show of last year most of the sketches were Venetian, and this year it is again Venice that Mr. Roussoff illustrates. The manifest improvement of the artist in some way justifies the rapid succession of these exhibitions. Mr. Roussoff's tone was rather shaky last year, and his composition was too frequently cut up into patches of bright colour. Though his composition is now good, facile elegance of workmanship still remains his foremost quality. His colour tends to be a little hard and metallic at times, and this is especially noticeable in his rendering of pure landscape. Such a defect is less pardonable here than in the flat, firm surfaces of buildings. "In the Pinetta, Ravenna" (31), a close study of pine-trees, is an example of his want of the texture and rich accidental colour suitable to landscape treatment. Nor is he conspicuously successful in large figure-work. "For Whom?" (14), to take an extreme instance, displeases one by the commonness of the idea and the cold hard banality of the execution. His graceful, "chic" facility tells best in small corners of buildings, streets, bridges, canals, &c., where the figure plays the smallest part, and architecture, bright walls, and costumes make up the main interest. "The Friar; a Grey Day" (9), "Waiting" (16), "Baiting Boats" (26), "Venetian Chimney-pots" (38), are some of this sort. "Fishing Boats" (30), a view of a pearly grey sea, is one of the best of the more maritime sketches. Perhaps we should call "Before Dawn" (28), and "Off S. Giorgio" (19), the best of the open-air work. Though a trifle hard, these are true and carefully observed renderings of a picturesque hour in the day. "The Confessional" (39) is certainly one of the softest and most luminous of the studies of interiors. As a whole, the show would make a better appearance had its aspect of uniform, tight finish, been varied with some looser, freer, and more accidental-looking sketches, such as "The Limekilns," which made so good an effect in Mr. Roussoff's former exhibition.

As may be guessed, there are also a great many views of Venice in Miss Clara Montalba's collection of water-colour drawings at Mr. McLean's Gallery. Unlike Mr. Roussoff, however, Miss Montalba treats many and divers scenes with an admirable variety of colouring. Her work bears being seen in quantities, for she is a real colourist, and not a person who cooks up one palatable

scheme of tone. She can play her tune in many keys of colour, and she obtains a broad and harmonious beauty in them all. Although we have enjoyed her work in galleries, and especially amidst the niggling of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour, we had not formed so high an opinion of her as she deserved. Her work is not always without faults, and it is only when one can appreciate the variety and the genuineness of her imagination in colour that one perceives that she is a true and original artist. She has, in fact, what is called "a game of her own," and a Montalba is a definite and recognizable style of picture. Varied as is her choice of subject, embracing Venice, London, the English coast, Holland, and the Riviera, different as her schemes of colour are, whether in cool grey and blue or in warm brown and orange, the principles of her method and the sentiment of her art remain the same. There may be a suspicion of mannerism about one or two among the less observed and more decorative of her works, but a person must be without any sense of nature or of art who fails to appreciate the broad and vivid effect of such gems of colour as "After Sunset—Ramsgate" (9), "A December Day—Venice" (51), "Antibes, Riviera" (67), "Sunset—Venice" (71), "The Salute" (94), and "Pappendrecht" (47). These represent several kinds of observation, and a wide range of decorative effect. It would be no more easy to beat the luminousness and warm depth of the green and brown "Sunset Venice" than the robust dignity of the blue and brown "Antibes," or the cool fresh atmospheric qualities of "A December Day," "The Salute," and "On the Grand Canal" (37). These and similar drawings are perhaps the best in the show; for their high decorative quality reposes on a solid basis of natural fact. Miss Montalba is one of the few artists of the day who have stumbled neither into the pitfall of symbolism, literary painting, or unsupported "chic" on the one hand, nor, on the other, into that of brutal, unreasoning, or photographic realism. Besides the drawings we have spoken of, the show contains many large flourishes of rich colour, composed with more or less reference to nature, and some representations of crowds cleverly spotted in, such as "Regatta—Venice" (3), "Arrival of the King and Queen of Italy in Venice for the Festivities, May 1887" (11), "Waiting for Queen Margherita's Gala Escort" (15), and "Ramsgate Sands" (33). Fault-finding in an artist of such marked gifts would be an ungracious as well as a very difficult task, especially as regards her best work; but it may be said with some truth that Miss Montalba in weak moments tends to rely entirely on the quality of her colour. Sometimes she blots without subtlety of suggestion, or even conveys a hint of incorrect and clumsy form. The lovely blot of colour "Galeots Dort" (17) might surely have been finely and nervously drawn as to the main lines of the long spits and banks. We do not want harder delineation or more detail. A picture need not, and should not, be fully explanatory; but, when a form is given, it should be given right. We do not say that Miss Montalba is much of a sinner in this way, or that her manifest beauties do not amply condone her shortcomings; but that it is a dangerous plan to begin to get colour cheaply, as may be seen in some of Monticelli's work.

Last week Miss Donald Smith held an exhibition in her studio of work in oil and water, entitled "Sketches in Town and Country." In oils she is as yet timid in technique, and, though pleasing in arrangement, her pictures appear somewhat small and hard. Several of her water-colours, however, show that she has studied this medium to some purpose. Her wash is pure and limpid, and with this she combines a good deal of precision. Many of her sketches of landscape have been made on the Thames; but, on the whole, we prefer her treatment of architectural subjects, and we would especially praise the firm drawing and pure sky of "Notre Dame—Evening" (53), and the fine tone and suggestion of architectural detail in "Canale San Maurizio, Venice" (54).

"In and Out of Doors" is the title of a collection of water-colour drawings at the Goupil Galleries, by past and present students of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour. The drawings make a pretty exhibition, full of proofs of technical skill and cultivated appreciation of art; but one rather misses evidence of the student's zeal for nature, and conscientious regard for the logic of effect. Signs may be noticed of a tendency to substitute manual for intellectual labour, and of ambition directed to pretty picture-making rather than to pushing forward a personal conquest of nature. So, looking round the walls, one becomes aware of holes in the tone, so to speak, of elaboration on a false basis, of feeble values, and of gaps in the continuity of the aerial effect. These faults are perhaps not extremely pronounced, and they are certainly not universal, but they are the last defects that should be encouraged in students. Imagination should be nursed on the study of reality, and should not be weaned till sincerity becomes a second nature. We have at times expressed impatience that such artists as Messrs. John Collier, J. M. Swan, and Arthur Lemon should carry the restraints of education too far and should hold the imagination too long in check. Unquestionably, however, theirs is a safe fear; it places a man to start with upon a height from which it takes him a long time to slide down to the position of a played-out Academician and from which he is at an advantage for reaching the summits of mastery. In this exhibition Mr. Nelson Dawson shows great technical accomplishment; but his elegance, based on flimsy unrealities of tone, is somewhat ineffective and unconvincing. Mr. A. C. Wyatt, also strong in manipulation, sees narrowly and builds up rather than conceives an arrangement of his elements. The results are seen in the

hardness of his work and the vicious inkiness of some of his shadows. Other and worse sinners do not possess the force of these men and so may be passed over. Very conspicuous amongst the best and most promising work are Mr. A. E. Bower's fine and natural study of the dark grey of late evening, "The Haunted Mill" (40); Mr. F. Althaus's spirited dark blue sketch in excellent unity of tone, "The Coming Gale" (70); Mr. Falconer Clark's robust piece of colour, "An Old Smuggling Post" (50); and Mr. W. Luker's conscientiously observed study of an interior with figures, "Home: a Wet Day" (76). Further good work comes from Messrs. Angell Brindley, MacIver Grierson, W. J. Carpenter, C. J. Fox, Honeywood Waller, and F. Short.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL may be warmly congratulated upon his last concert, which took place on Tuesday, the 7th. With the exception of the "Eroica" Symphony, the programme was devoted to Wagner, who, it will be remembered, died on the 13th of this month, 1883. Mr. Henschel showed a distinct advance upon his former conducting of symphonies in his manner of dealing with the "Eroica"; but it must still be admitted that the majesty of Beethoven occasionally escapes him. The abrupt jerk with which Mr. Henschel indicates *forte* passages is hopelessly destructive of largeness of effect, and this shortcoming was painfully apparent in the last movement of the symphony, which was undignified, hurried, and curiously monotonous in effect, somewhat marring an otherwise excellent interpretation of this great work. The first movement and the Scherzo were especially well played; the Funeral March was, on the other hand, taken in perilously slow time, and was not a little wanting in light and shade. The symphony was followed by a surprisingly good rendering of the Prelude and Finale from *Tristan and Isolde*, in which Mr. Henschel showed more of the genuine qualities of a conductor than he has hitherto betrayed. The orchestra played admirably throughout, and a broad, intelligent, and dramatic, if not passionate, interpretation was obtained. We cannot bestow quite such high praise on Mr. Henschel's manner of dealing with either the "Siegfried Idyll" or the Prelude to *Parsifal*, in which the brass was painfully coarse and uncertain, and the general effect somewhat colourless. In the "Siegfried Idyll" there was an occasional tendency to confusion, and some want of delicacy of perception and finish. But it is only just to add that it may now be said that, setting Dr. Richter aside, Mr. Henschel has given the most intelligent interpretation of the works of Wagner, above mentioned, which we have heard in this country. The "Kaisermarch" brought this, the most successful and best-attended of the London Symphony Concerts, to a close. Of the performance of Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, under Mr. Barnby, at the Albert Hall on the 19th of last month we cannot speak with much patience. Berlioz presumably knew what he was about when he wrote down the indications of his score; but Mr. Barnby now, as on former occasions, persists in setting them at naught. The result is that the work drags throughout. The Hungarian March especially suffers under Mr. Barnby's slow, heavy, and monotonous treatment; and it was, moreover, played with a great want of crispness by the orchestra. The Easter Hymn, one of the finest numbers to be found among the works of Berlioz, completely loses its significance under this treatment, and becomes suggestive rather of Scotch Presbyterians on a wet Sunday than of the triumphant joy and passionate gratitude of happy souls. The sepulchral solemnity of the Amen Fugue is simply astounding when one remembers what Berlioz has himself left on record concerning this chef-d'œuvre of musical irony. The Women's Chorus was distinctly unsatisfactory, and the whole performance lacking in point and vigour. Mme. Nordica's singing of the part of Margaret was careful and mechanical. She entirely missed the sentiment of the wonderful ballad of the King of Thule, of which the conclusion was most infelicitous. Mr. Banks was obviously suffering too much from cold to do full justice to himself in the music of Faust. Mr. Henschel's Mephistopheles was not a performance of unmixed merit, and we may in particular mention that he sang the Serenade with a laboured good-nature that might well have made the attendant devils weep.

ARIANE.

THOSE who can remember the events of thirty years ago will doubtless have a distinct recollection of the excitement created over the announcement that Mlle. Piccolomini was about to appear in *La Traviata*. Society was shaken to its very foundations at the prospect of that engaging young lady venturing to challenge Mrs. Grundy by, to quote a contemporary of the period, "flaunting herself before the intelligent and respectable British public as the heroine of a vicious French drama." As to Alexandre Dumas *fil's* drama *La Dame aux Camélias*, there was not the remotest chance at that epoch of its being licensed, and it is only within the past ten years that it has been played in England, very slightly altered, indeed, but under various aliases, such as *Heartsease* and *Camille*. We have changed all this, to judge from the example set on Wednesday evening, when its able director placed upon the boards of the Opera Comique a new play by Mrs.

Campbell Praed, entitled *Ariane*, of such a dubious character that, unless a reaction does not speedily set in, our stage will eventually fall even to the same low level as that of Paris. And it must, moreover, be admitted that, however vicious a French play may be, it is usually acted with great discretion and delicacy, and its naughtiness gilded by the wit and sparkle of the language in which one can say things that would be detestably coarse in any other. *Ariane* is a vicious piece, and its dialogue is throughout the reverse of witty. The plot is so disagreeable that it can only be related in the briefest possible manner. It deals with the evil ways of a certain Chevalier de Valence, an old French adventurer, who, having—to use his own expression—“sold” his beautiful daughter, Ariane, to a rich but foolish young man named Harvey Lomax, in order that he may himself live an idle and comfortable existence at their expense, suddenly discovers that his child is not happy, and, what is far more important, that his son-in-law is rapidly losing his fortune. He therefore selfishly concludes that, should Mr. Lomax eventually come to financial grief, he, the Chevalier, will be in a very disagreeable plight indeed, with old age and poverty staring him in the face, and perhaps his extravagant daughter and her child left upon his hands again into the bargain. This state of affairs must be prevented at all costs. Chance favours him, and he soon finds out that his darling Ariane's husband ill-treats her, and that she has platonically placed her affections in the dangerous keeping of a fascinating millionaire. He now determines to bring about a divorce between Ariane and the impoverished Lomax, and thus enable her to marry her lover, and himself to share their fortune and bask in their luxury. All this mischief he carries out on strictly ready-cash terms, previously arranged upon between himself and the millionaire, Sir Leopold d'Acosta. Lomax, who, by the way, is a drunkard, is tempted into an elopement with a very questionable young woman, who is bribed for this disgraceful purpose. The pair are next tracked to a cottage in the country by the Chevalier and his detectives, and a divorce suit sets Ariane free to marry Sir Leopold, which she accordingly does. However, her first husband, who in the meantime has turned teetotaler, returns, and reveals to her the abominable plot in which her father and husband had been engaged in order to separate them. Having so done, he takes aim at his rival Sir Leopold, but shoots Ariane dead instead. Finally he rushes from the chamber, and a detonation in the garden indicates that he has committed suicide. Such is the sorry subject of this offensive drama, which is dragged through four long acts, and told in realistically crude language, only relieved here and there by the irrelevant gossip of minor and absolutely useless characters who have nothing whatever to do with the plot, and hinder the action of the piece, which is already sufficiently fettered. Mrs. Bernard Beere, as Ariane the heroine, played, as she always does, remarkably, but not so well as we have seen her in less unpleasant pieces. She seemed to be perpetually struggling with a dead weight, and hopelessly endeavouring to create an interest which she herself appeared unable to feel. It was only in the last two acts that she found any opportunity to display that intensity and power for which she is justly celebrated. In the scene in which her husband vainly pleads to her for forgiveness, and in the last, where she dies, Mrs. Bernard Beere acts finely. M. Marius, as the iniquitous Chevalier de Valence, by dint of subtle and quiet acting, and a display of well-bred cynicism, rendered endurable an otherwise intolerable part; for De Valence is nothing more nor less than a very commonplace lingo, a hypocrite and an unnatural villain, who conceals his iniquity under the guise of cleverly assumed bonhomie and good-nature. Mr. Leonard Boyne played the objectionable part of D'Acosta with a good deal of dignity. Never perhaps before has Mr. Henry Neville been seen to so much disadvantage. We somehow or other have come to consider Mr. Neville as an essentially “heroic” actor, and great was the disappointment when he appeared in so wantonly loathsome a part as the weak and unmanly Lomax, whose final outburst of mock, but murderous, heroism is highly offensive. Miss Laura Linden was cast as the adventuress Babette; but it is a part not at all suited to her appearance or her bright style, although she certainly showed considerable talent in her endeavours to portray the full meaning of this unpleasant impersonation. Of the rest of the cast there is little to say; for the actors and actresses had very little to do save walk about and pose themselves in so-called “society attitudes,” and talk of things which had no connexion whatever with the plot, except perhaps to pad the dialogue, and thereby drag out the unpleasant length of this most thoroughly disagreeable piece.

REVIEWS.

SPORT IN BENGAL.*

CIVILIANS and planters may deplore the diminution of large game in some districts and the excessive population of other parts of India, and eloquent Baboos may seek to win English constituencies by promising to sweep away the Game Laws with other remnants of feudalism; but this book proves clearly that there is still a fair field for the sportsman in Lower, Central, and

Western Bengal, if he only knows how to look for it. Mr. Baker has served the Government with credit and efficiency for thirty-five years. As Deputy-Magistrate at the subdivision of Sasseram, in the district of Shahabad popularly known as Arrah, he distinguished himself during the Mutiny, helped to keep open the Grand Trunk Road, and was present at divers operations which followed on the rebellion of Koer Sing. He subsequently rose to be Deputy-Inspector of Police under the Government of Bengal. He has traversed, either for duty or recreation, nearly the whole of the Bengal Province, and seems as much at home on the alluvial formations of big rivers, like the Megna and the Poddha or Ganges Proper, as he is in the Sál forests and the laterite formations of Chutia Nágpur and the plateau of Hazaribagh. He is a proficient with the spear, the rifle, and the smooth-bore, and he writes generally in a clear and animated style. It is, therefore, to be regretted that some of his descriptions are spoilt by flippancy and attempts at humour which never elicit a smile. One or two of his conclusions or recommendations are contradictory, and we could have wished that he had dwelt more on the good qualities of the natives than on their moral defects. But Lord Ripon, by persisting in wanton and sentimental legislation, is partly responsible for a marked change in the relations between the native community and the ruling race. If Mr. Baker is annoyed with the pretentiousness of the gushing, vapouring Baboo, and with the absolute refusal of villagers to disclose the haunt of a tiger or leopard that has been slaying men or beasts by scores for months together, the critic may in his turn complain of careless editing and want of revision of the press. Nadiya or Nuddia, the seat of Sanskrit learning and of the purest-spoken vernacular of Bengal, becomes Nadiaga. It is somewhat difficult to discover the fine districts of Rajshahi and Dacca in their disguises of Kaysbye and Dana, and there are other irritating misprints which the Deputy-Inspector of Police would have been the first to censure in one of his subordinate's monthly and annual reports. But there is a vast deal of experience, graphically told, and a reader must be hard to please if he cannot find amusement and instruction in a book which shows him how to stalk the buffalo, circumvent the deer and the tiger, indulge in snipe-shooting without endangering his health, carry his supplies and his comforts with him in tents and in boats, make the most of the cold season, and snatch a fearful joy or two out of a brief expedition undertaken in the hot weather and rains.

We share Mr. Baker's dislike to very big hunting parties and splendid lines of elephants. Doubtless to see the Commissioner of the Division organize a beat in the Terai in the grand style, and to assist at a drive in the Tributary Mahals of Cuttack, when some sporting Raja turns out two or three thousand of his *Paiks*, or men who hold lands for the performance of certain vague services, is a thing to be remembered. And we are tolerably familiar with the rules and regulations which must be observed by all sportsmen on some of these occasions on pain of expulsion for disobedience. Deer are to be allowed to slip away unharmed. Not a shot is to be fired at peacock and jungle fowl as they rise in small bouquets. Even buffaloes are spared. Nothing is to be done which could alarm what the purely sporting pen is apt to denominate “the gentleman with the striped waistcoat.” And then, owing to mismanagement or misconception of orders, the line is broken at a critical moment, or a certain strategical operation fails, and the sportsmen, hot and irritated, return to camp at a late hour in the afternoon, having extorted a tardy permission from their sulky Commander-in-Chief to shoot at anything that gets up. Of course there are moments of triumph in these great operations, when a tigress, disturbed at her meal and jealous for the safety of her cubs, comes roaring through the grass jungle, leaps on a small pad elephant, and strikes terror into the breasts of those splendid animals the staunch Hyder Ali and the fearless Peari. Then ensues a free fight for five or ten minutes, till a shot from the unerring Express of “the Major,” or some titled tourist from England, settles the business. But, on the whole, we prefer Mr. Baker and his two or three trusty companions, who, with a moderate number of elephants and a good stud of horses, are ready for any kind of sport, “on foot, in the howdah, or the saddle.”

One episode amongst the many in which the author took an active part deserves special recognition. Most Indian sportsmen know something of the terror that pervades scores of villages owing to the man-eating tiger; the seeming ubiquity of the animal—here one day, and ten miles off the next; the helplessness of the native *shikari*, with his bowstring and poisoned arrow, set in a path which the animal cleverly manages to avoid; and the notification of a despairing Government extending the reward to ten times the usual amount for the destruction of this species. It fell to Mr. Baker, after some wearisome nights spent on platforms in the vain hope of catching a noted man-hunter, to kill it in broad daylight. A woodcutter was plying his trade at some little distance from the thick jungle which the author was skirting because it was market-day, and there was just a chance that the cunning tigress might be there and on the look-out for a stray buyer or seller on his return home. How the tigress selected a dry watercourse so as to stalk the woodcutter; how she crouched and crept noiselessly along; how Mr. Baker, with two faithful attendants, crouched in his turn and stalked the stalker; how he severely wounded the animal with one bullet, followed this up by a second, and finished it with two more as it came straight at him; how the carcass was seen by two thousand villagers; and how the two native henchmen came in for a reward of three hundred rupees given by a grateful Government, should all be read in Mr.

* *Sport in Bengal; and How, When, and Where to Seek it.* By Edward B. Baker, late Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Bengal. London: Ledger Smith & Co.

Baker's own words. It is not every sportsman who has such a chance or who avails himself so cleverly of it.

Mr. Baker's book is not one merely of adventures and lucky shots and more lucky escapes. Like all genuine sportsmen, he is something of a naturalist and a keen observer of the habits of wild animals. He confirms the statement that, though the tiger of the hills differs from the tiger of the plains in such particulars as colour, length of stripes, and rings on the tail, the species for practical purposes is one and the same. But this is subject to the explanation that the prey of the tiger differs according to the locality which it frequents. In heavy tree jungle it lives on deer and hoga. In large plains where bulrush and high grass alternate with open pasture and cultivation the animal becomes "a cattle-killer." Last and most dreaded is the man-eater, who may be found wherever a portly Brahman goes to the tank or river to bathe, and the sound of the hatchet betrays the whereabouts of the woodcutter. The accounts of tigers that measure twelve or thirteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail are very properly scouted. They may be classed with wonderful elephants of twelve feet in height. The average length of the tiger is about nine feet and a half, and that of a leopard about seven. Mr. Baker throughout a whole chapter uses the term panther to designate the leopard, and seems to hold that there are three kinds of panthers in Bengal—the common panther, the clouded panther, and the black variety. Dr. Jerdon and Mr. E. Blyth, who may be trusted on this knotty point, have maintained that the Indian panther and leopard are simple varieties of the same species of cat. Captain Baldwin, in his excellent work on *The Large and Small Game of India*, held, on the other hand, that the two species could be distinguished, the skull of the panther being long and pointed, and that of the leopard rounded and short. In this opinion he is supported by the late Sir Walter Elliot. Whether there be two species or two varieties of the same species, there is no doubt that there is a marked difference in the size of some of these animals when full grown, just as with us there is a large kind and a smaller kind of woodcock. The black species of panther merely justifies Mr. Blyth's doctrine that melanism is common to all animals. A black panther presented to the Marchioness of Dalhousie was for many years to be seen at the country seat of the Governor-General, of which a poet wrote in an elegy on a clerk in a merchant's office—an Oriental Tim Linkinwater:—

And every Durga Puja would good Mr. Simms explore
The famous river Hooghly up as high as Barrackpore;
And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way
Declare that all the bears were bores! alack and well-a-day!

On some other points we join issue with Mr. Baker. In discussing the kind of horse best suited for the sport of hog-hunting, he seems to put English, Australian, and Cape horses first; next Cabulees, Kattywars, and countrybreds; and last of all the Arabian. A page or two further on he contradicts himself, apparently, by saying that a staunch Arab is preferable to any other breed for riders not above a certain weight. Now for any rider under twelve stone we should certainly put the Arab first. His pluck and endurance, the ease with which he wheels and turns and follows a "jinking" hog, his endurance of heat, his ability to pick his way at full speed over broken and hard ground, and his general docility of temper, make him invaluable for this kind of sport. Cape horses, it is notorious, are very soon fagged, while the Arab, with a little breathing time allowed him after each run, comes up to his work, like the typical prizefighter who always appeared "smiling" at every fresh round. A good English horse, thorough or three-parts bred, certainly outstrips the Arabian, but he is apt to be thrown out when the hog twists and turns. We admit, however, that occasionally, in a Decani, a Cabulee, a countrybred, or one rejected from the Government Stud while it existed, there were specimens which for speed, pluck, and staying power, in a fair field, nothing could touch. Mr. Baker, as in the case of tigers, throws doubt on the accounts of boars that stand forty inches high at the shoulders. We agree with him that sportsmen are fortunate when they spear animals of thirty-five inches; and that there are few phases of excitement that can rival a day with the Tent Club at Tamlook or with the Magistrate on the grassy islands of the large streams of Eastern Bengal. Sportsmen will generally do well if they hunt the boar in parties of three or four or, at least, in couples. The best of riders may be unhorsed in a blind ditch, and a second spear may save a fallen comrade's life and limb when the enraged boar, with fiery eyes and foaming tusks, comes down on a prostrate rider. Some chapters in this work treat of sport of various kinds in unfamiliar places. The passages which describe duck-shooting in the Bengal districts of Furedpore and Backergunge, where the natives construct their huts on little hammocks just above inundation level, live on fish, and go to market in canoes; the hints about snipe-shooting and the boot that will stand the mud of Bengal, and combines "strength, pliancy, and lightness"; the directions as to accoutrement, shape of pith hat, change of clothes and moderate refreshment, and the observance of precautionary rules; the descriptions of scenery, showing how the monotony of wide plains of rice bordered by villages invisible owing to the denseness of the foliage, is relieved by magnificent rivers or by hills of red sandstone—in all this there is no sameness and some originality. The value of the book is further enhanced by a vocabulary of useful terms and of native names for divers birds and beasts. We should not pronounce any sportsman wrong when he gives the names which, familiar in one district, are not recognized in another. But an

omission or two may be noticed. The common teal is often known as *narul*, plover as *chaaga*, the porcupine sometimes as *sajjaru*, the hare as *lapha*, and the snipe as *Kadkancho*—i.e. the bird that bores in the mud. There is no distinct mention of the cotton-teal or *gengrail*, called by English soldiers the "fix bayonets" bird for a fancied resemblance in its cry to these words. Captain Baldwin catalogues this species as the white-bodied goose-teal, and particularly says that it must not be confounded with the clucking-teal, an exceedingly rare bird.

The conclusion to which Mr. Baker's remarks, as well as recent sound sporting literature point, has just been arrived at by the Government. We learn from the Indian journals that a close time, embracing wild birds as well as the partridge, the jungle-fowl, and the hill-pheasant, has now been established by legal enactment. Some of the waders and divers have hitherto set up a close season for themselves by the simple expedient of retiring in April to fastnesses and hills on the eastern frontier, and not returning to the plains till the autumn. But for the genus francolin, the sand-grouse, and the various kinds of pheasants and others, there has been no protection from the prowling pot-hunter and the native, who spares neither sex nor age when he can sell feathers and skins for a few annas. The wholesale destruction of game and fish in some districts has been positively appalling. No philanthropist need be afraid that recent legislation in India is intended to create any new or exclusive rights or interests in game. All tendency to over-preservation will be easily kept in check by numerous kites and jackals and vermin. In establishing a season when persecution by gun, snare, and net shall cease, the Anglo-Indian legislator has only helped to preserve some of the most beautiful of nature's creatures and to raise India to the level of all civilized communities, under whatever form of Government they may exist.

NOVELS.*

MISS MARIE CONNOR'S story, *Husband and Wife*, has few elements of originality. The oldest plot, it is true, the tritest combination of human feelings and actions, can be treated so as to present fresh interest. We are finite creatures; but the tricks we play before high Heaven are infinite in their variation. As with the physical features of the human race, our "sports," to borrow a word from the philosophy of evolution, are, within a narrow limit, limitless. So, when an author takes three people—a husband, a wife, and "another"—and begins to make material for three volumes out of their mutual relations, we need not necessarily count on repetition of an old story, though we may expect certain often-repeated incidents. What is wanting in the present case, however, is not only novelty of conception, but lifelikeness in execution. The author has tried in a praiseworthy manner to depict original people, and to cast them in striking moulds. Lady Elcheater is meant to be a creature of complex character and conflicting passions. Edward Galbraith, her companion in wrongdoing, is a being of thwarted genius, or rather disappointed ambition, moody, high-souled, high-strung, soured and cramped by want of success and devoured by absorbing egotism. Yet assuredly the author did not mean him to impress us as a scurvy knave, and that is precisely the light in which his behaviour presents him. Edward Galbraith has married a gentle and loving woman, one of those rustic beauties who in novels always appear in grey gowns without any ornaments but a daisy or two, and outshine professional beauties clothed in little but diamonds. Margaret is truly a dowdy woman, but her spiritual qualities are supposed to radiate through her person, which is besides always described as most beautiful. These two are the "husband and wife," and Lady Elcheater, a Frenchwoman, widow of an English baronet, is "the other." Lady Elcheater is, as we have said, a carefully studied and elaborated being. We read of "a vista of the aisles of that soul, born to be free and full of light, now paved with ashes, walled with callousness, and roofed with chaos." We do not form a very distinct idea of this gloomy female philosopher; but we are frequently assured she had innate nobility, and was full of fine impulses. Nevertheless, when the bored Edward and the cynical widow meet, they fall in love, principally, as it would seem, because it gives them some excitement and something to do. Margaret goes out in a thunderstorm, and is stricken blind by the lightning—hopelessly blind for life. Her husband, whom we should have expected to be turned from erratic courses by this catastrophe, is instead much annoyed, behaves unkindly to the sufferer, and presently goes off with Lady Elcheater, leaving his helpless wife and little child to shift for themselves. Sympathy is demanded for the selfish couple, who wander about the Continent, very happy, though painfully conscious of the world's disapproval; while Margaret and little Theodora subside into obscurity in South Wales. It is not possible to say that any of these personages, either during the pursuance of these adventures or in their *dénouement*, act like real people. They are creations of the author's imagination; "transient and embarrassed phantoms"; inconceivable mixtures

* *Husband and Wife*. By Marie Connor. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

A Lion among the Ladies. By Philip Gaskell. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

The Algerian Slave. A Novel. By L. G. Séguin. London: W. Bartholomew. 1888.

of irreconcilable motive. Miss Connor's copiousness of language, energy of diction, and activity of imagination need to be tempered by experience of the world and study of living men and women. A stronger sense of the humorous side of life is not to be had for the wishing or the advising, so it is useless to say anything about that. It would help writers of novels out of many a mistake. What may be acquired, however, is a clearer knowledge of how men and women of the world talk. A man speaking our language so well as M. Hector Flamant is supposed to do needs not help it out with so much boarding-school French. And would a well-bred man hold this little conversation with his friend on hearing of the friend's marriage:—"And you don't regret the match?" "No. Why should I?" "Oh! no reason at all—only, an actress's daughter!" Sir Henry Elcheater received the remark "coldly," as well he might.

A good dashing military novel is always popular, but few things are more depressing than a record of barrack-room chatter and common regimental incidents. Even these, however, may by the expert be made readable when intimate knowledge and a good share of sense and humour are brought to the task of describing them. We cannot say that Mr. Philip Gaskell has displayed any of these qualities in his story, *A Lion among the Ladies*. The manner of writing is incoherent and distracted. Dislocation is a feeble word to express the broken and tottering condition of many sentences in these rambling pages. Analysis of the characters introduced helps the interest very little. Captain Guy Leicester is represented as a "Lion among the Ladies" by virtue of his handsome face and figure, insinuating manners, and way of talking to married women "in a voice which long practice rendered indistinct to all save the person especially addressed." He is much more like a jackal among the men; for his theories of life, and his practice too, are gambling, universal debt, and indiscriminate fleecing of tradesmen. Captain Leicester's conception of an honourable way of meeting pecuniary obligations is to get valuable jewellery from shops where he has no intention of ever settling the bill, and presenting it to the wife of the friend from whom he has borrowed money. As he is at the same time making violent love to the lady, the scheme serves two ends, or would do, were the virtue of Mrs. Denham less immaculate. So far as the plan does go it is successful; for Mr. Denham accepts the bracelets as part payment of his loan, and takes the rest out in the rent of his house, which Captain Leicester induces a fellow-officer to hire for a term. The behaviour of another ornament to the "Chalkshire Rifles"—Major Brereton—who takes a married woman's diamonds as a bribe to return her silly love-letters, seems comparatively honest; yet Major Brereton is a very black sheep, while the "Lion" is the pet of the corps and of his social circle. We must not, however, do injustice to Mr. Gaskell's sense of retribution, for the gallant "Lion" is eventually slain in the Soudan, which, we observe, the author thinks is in South Africa. Major Brereton is punished by marriage with a scheming young lady, who had stolen her friend Lady Gregorie's diamond pendant. There is a tremendous amount of flirtation amongst these persons, some of whose agreeable qualities we have indicated; but it is not good, honest, amusing flirtation. The story is of vulgar people, told in a common and slipshod fashion, and presenting no qualities, so far as we have been able to ascertain, justifying its existence.

We have a distinct recollection of a very good book written some years ago about the Black Forest by L. G. Séguin, the author of *The Algerian Slave*. It was not only an agreeable work to read, but a valuable guide to the Black Forest, itself a most agreeable place to visit. A guide-book is not perhaps the most promising herald for romances; but in this case it is not an untrustworthy one. *The Algerian Slave* calls itself on the title-page a novel, and as such we are bound to receive it. But it is a great deal more like a descriptive guide to Algiers. Descriptive, and also historical; for it is the Algiers of the early years of the century we are told of, when France and Spain and England were at war, when pirates infested the Mediterranean, Christians were slaves among the Turks and Arabs, and Algiers was the "Nido Algeri di ladri infame ed empio" it happily is no longer. The adventures of Giuseppe Caroli, the son of a Genoese captain and a "peerless English maiden," are made the string on which to thread incidents of the times and minute descriptions of the state of social and political disorder prevailing. The story is circumstantial and not unreadable, inasmuch as it travels not out of realities and probabilities. Imaginative it is not, nor exciting; but the pictures it presents of Moorish life and domestic interiors are not uninteresting.

THE VYNE.*

IN undertaking this work, and in his satisfactory execution of it, Mr. Chaloner Chute has not only conferred on his countrymen a public benefit, he has performed, we venture to think, a public duty. And, in support of our assertion, we will quote the pregnant words written many years ago by Sir Francis Palgrave, one of the most graceful antiquarian chroniclers that this country

has possessed:—"The genuine history of a country can never be well understood without a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community as well as the country. Genealogical inquiries and local topography, so far from being unworthy of the attention of the philosophical inquirer, are among the best materials he can use; and the fortunes and changes of one family, or the events of one upland township, may explain the darkest and most dubious portions of the annals of a realm." We do not know that Mr. Chute has ever read these words, but he has at any rate acted in the spirit of them in giving us a lucid account of a homestead which, from its antiquity and from the high position held by some of its owners, offers as many and varied points of interest as any dwelling-house, except a few of the more princely and historical palaces, in England.

The Vyne lies in the parish of Sherborne St. John, almost on the borders of Hampshire and Berkshire. It is on the high road betwixt Winchester and Reading. It is almost certain that it was the *Vindomis* (*vini domus*) of the Romans, and owed its name to its convenient situation as a baiting-house between those two important towns. Mr. Chute gives excellent reasons for believing that it was at one time the headquarters of a Roman Legion, and that it may have been visited by the Emperor Hadrian when he came over to inspect the newly acquired province of his rapidly overgrowing Empire. In illustration of its occupancy by the then masters of the world, Mr. Chute tells us that towards the end of the last century a gold Roman ring was dug up in the immediate neighbourhood of the Vyne, engraved with the head of Venus, and the words "*Seneciane vivas Ilnde*" (i.e. *secunde*), "O Senecianus, mayest thou live prosperously!" In this fact there is, of course, nothing extraordinary, but the sequel to the story entitles it to rank among the most curious of coincidences. At Lydney, in Gloucestershire, seventy miles from the Vyne, a small leaden tablet has been found among the ruins of a temple dedicated to Nodens, who seems to have been a sort of British Neptune. Rudely scratched upon it were these words, which seem to show that it was the mode of advertisement adopted by Silvanus to recover the ring found so many years afterwards in the grounds of the famous Hampshire house. "To the God Nodens. Silvanus has lost a ring. He has vowed the half to Nodens if he recovers it. Among those who bear the name of Senecianus, to none grant health until he bring the ring to the temple of Nodens." Mr. Chute remarks that, "after fifteen centuries the grounds upon which Silvanus claimed this ring can only be conjectured. Perhaps he had given it to Senecianus in token of friendship, and afterwards had occasion to recall it, or Senecianus may have lost it in a wager and unfairly kept it back. One thing only is clear, that Senecianus, thinking that possession was nine points of the law, declined to part with it; and it has been suggested that he had his name engraved upon it, accompanied by the wish for his own good health, as a kind of countercharm to the inscription on the tablet."

The de Ports of Basing, who afterwards took the name of St. John, and gave their acquired appellation to the parish of Sherborne, seem to have been the first lords of the manor of the Vyne. Their descendant, the Marquess of Winchester, still lives at Amport, one of the lordships conferred by the Conqueror on the grandfather of John of Basing. In the reign of Henry II. Henry de Port, who then lived at the Vyne, built and endowed the Chantry Chapel. In the fourteenth century the Vyne passed to the distinguished family of Cowdray, whose splendid mansion house in Sussex still bears their name, and is "famous no less for its stately beauty than for its tragic fate, having been ruined by fire at the same time that its owner, the eighth Lord Montague, perished by water in the falls of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen." From the Cowdrays the Vyne passed by marriage to Sir William Fyffhide, whose son leased it to William Gregory for certain consideration, including the payment of one rose at the Feast of St. John the Baptist. In 1386 the family of Sandys acquired the manor, and in the sixteenth century the present chapel attached to the manor-house was built by William, first Lord Sandys of the Vyne, who seems to have stinted nothing to make it beautiful architecturally or to decorate it magnificently. It still stands undecorated, and still retains its pristine loveliness. It was the same princely gentleman who built the present dwelling-house. This is the Lord Sandys immortalized by Shakspeare as sturdily protesting against the expensive mummeries of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He was made a Knight of the Garter, and as Treasurer of Calais was active in defending the marches against the French. On resigning the treasurership of Calais he was made Lord Chamberlain and named Captain of Guisnes. Henry VIII. visited his old servant more than once at the Vyne. On one occasion at least he was accompanied by Anne Boleyn. At one time, disgusted with the capricious tyranny of the King, especially in matters of religion, there is no doubt that the brave old lord not only made use of flimsy excuses to keep away from Court, but that, in his zeal for the ancient faith, he let it be believed by the Emperor's Ambassador in London that he would be willing to welcome any action on the part of Charles V. to "apply a remedy." The Envoy's letter to his master hints that Lord Sandys would not even resist his invasion of this country. Fortunately for his fame, his discontent found no vent in action. We have little doubt, moreover, that his old English spirit would have come back to him at the sight of a foreign foe on our shores, and that he would have done his doughtiest to send him back again with a flea in his ear. At any rate, so far as acts and deeds went, he lived and died the loyal

* *A History of the Vyne in Hampshire: being a Short Account of the Buildings and Antiquities of that House, situate in the Parish of Sherborne St. John, co. Hants, and of Persons who have at some time lived there.* By Chaloner W. Chute, of the Vyne. Winchester: Jacob & Johnson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1888.

servant of a tyrannical and exacting master. The third Lord Sandys entertained Queen Elizabeth at the Vyne. His second wife, a daughter of Lord Chandos, had a scar on her fair forehead. The poet Gascoigne thus, in a song of many stanzas, from which we only quote a few, contends that the blemish was no disfigurement:—

In Court who so demands
What dame doth much excell,
For my conceit I must needs say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel :

Upon whose lively cheekes,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe :

And therewithall so well
Her graces all agree,
No frowning chere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavish lippes
Which like some other best,
Will say the blemishe on her brow
Disgraceth all the rest.

The skar still there remains;
No force: let there it be;
There is no cloud that can eclipse
So bright a sun as she.

In 1649 the Sandys family sold the Vyne to the Chaloner Chutes, whose representative in the female line still possesses the historical old house and demesne. The Speaker, Chaloner Chute, who bought the estate, was "a man of great wit and stately carriage of himself," who was so conscious of his powers that, when he was a practising barrister, he ventured to take liberties such as Roger North says no Chancery practiser ever did or will do again. "If he had a fancy," says Mr. North, "not to have the fatigue of business, but to pass the time in pleasure after his own humour, he would say to his clerk, 'Tell the people I will not practise this term,' and was so good as his word, and then no one durst come nigh him with business. But when his clerks signified he would take business he was in the same advanced post at the Bar, fully reintegrated as before, and his practice nothing shrunk by the discontinuance. This shows a transcendent genius, superior to the slavery of a gainful profession." He was a zealous friend of Episcopacy; and when, on the impeachment of the Bishops before the House of Lords, none of the counsel retained by the prelates except himself ventured to come to the Bar for the defence, and the Lords asked whether he would plead, "Yes," said he, "so long as I have a tongue to plead with." His descendant, John Chute, who succeeded his brother Anthony at the Vyne in 1754, was the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole and Gray. The former was a frequent guest, and found Mr. Chute a kindred spirit in his somewhat crude architectural and antiquarian tastes. He gave the owner of the Vyne two stone eagles for the outside of his house, and he took the liveliest interest in the erection of a new staircase and in the construction of a monument to the Speaker Chute. Many letters from Gray and Walpole are given in this volume. Some of them have not hitherto been published. On Gray's return from the Continent he writes to his friend in Hampshire:—

Nunc ad te totum me converto, suavissime Chuti, whom I wrote to from Dover. If this be London, Lord send me to Constantinople: either I or it are extremely odd: the boys laugh at the depth of my ruffles, the immensity of my bag, and the length of my sword. I am as an alien in my native land, yea I am as an owl among the small birds. It rains: everybody is discontented, and so am I. You can't imagine how mortifying it is to fall into the hands of an English barber. Lord, how you or Polleri would storm in such a case! Don't think of coming hither without Lavour, or something equivalent to him. The natives are alive and flourishing: the fashion is a grey frock with round sleeves, bob wig, or a spencer, plain hat with enormous brims and shallow crown, cocked as bluff as possible, muslin neckcloth twisted round, rumpled and tucked into the breast; all this with a Sa Faring air, as if they were just come back from Cartagena.

In another letter he writes "The Town are horn mad after Mr. Garrick. There are a dozen Dukes of a night at Goodmans-fields sometimes, and yet I am stiff in the opposition." A saying of Sir Isaac Newton is quoted, in which the great philosopher expresses his contempt for antiquarianism, and especially for antique statues, which he calls "stone dolls." How different this narrowness of judgment from the frank regret of Darwin, that he had not better cultivated the æsthetic tastes, instead of letting "his mind become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." "The loss of these tastes," the more genial-hearted author of the *Origin of Species* goes on to say, "is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature." Mr. William Chute, for some time M.P. for Hampshire, who was born in 1757 and died in 1824, was a keen sportsman, and somewhat of a humourist, even in his capacity of M.F.H. His meets were never advertised, and no one knew whether the hounds were to hunt twice or thrice in the week or five times in the fortnight. On one occasion the great Duke who hunted with "the Vine" from Strathfieldsaye, rode about a whole day without finding the Master or the hounds. His letter to Mr. Chute on the subject is a model of courteous and kindly remonstrance. This Mr. William Chute was a man who knew how to give as well as how to take. "Sir John Cope of Bramshill, who professed Radical opinions, once wrote to him that he had a litter of five dogs in that year's entry, whose names had

all pretty much the same meaning, for they were *Placeman, Parson, Pensioner, Pilferer, and Plunderer*; but the Tory squire, with a ready invention, retorted that he could show him a litter of which the five names were equally synonymous; being *Radical, Rebel, Regicide, Ruffian, and Rascal*."

The last chapter in this very interesting volume gives a catalogue of the treasures of art to be found in the Vyne Manor-house. Among these are family and other portraits and paintings, by Holbein, Poussin, Andrea del Sarto, Van der Heyden, Lucas de Heere, Titian, and others; Roman monumental marbles, some good statuary, and some stained glass windows, which are mentioned by Peter Heylin, the biographer of Laud, together with those of Fairford and Canterbury, as having survived the Reformation. When he sees in the catalogue of statuary the immediate juxtaposition of such names as Rameses, Nero, Hercules, Seneca, Milton, Mary Queen of Scots, Shakespeare, Pitt, and Fox, the reader will be inclined to hum the lines of Milliken's famous ballad, which tells of

Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.

Almost every page of *A History of the Vyne in Hampshire* is replete with interest.

MEMORIALS OF THE WEST.*

MR. ROGERS announces in an "Apology to the Reader" that his work "pretends to no merit either of style or composition," and we are glad that it makes no false pretensions, and that it "courts neither encomium (*sic*) nor criticism," which causes us to marvel that we have received it. However, it shall have both praise and blame. In the first place most of the subjects are well chosen. No one, for example, who has walked from Seaton to Beer is likely to forget the path over the cliff, or to be unwilling to be reminded of it. The fortunes of families, such as the Wadhams and the Daubenays of Somerset, and the Courtenays, the Carews, and the Poles of Devonshire, are of more than local interest. And if any one does not care for such houses as Barrington Court and the oddly named "King Inn's Palace" at South Petherton, he is only worthy to spend his life in a newly-built suburb of London. Mr. Rogers has some right to speak of these matters; for it is evident that he appreciates the scenery of the West country, that he thoroughly knows the places about which he discourses, and that he enjoys looking at a noble building. Unfortunately, however, he has produced an intolerably irritating book. He adopts a style that is, we believe, peculiar to the antiquarian correspondents of provincial newspapers, peppering his pages with "we ween," "quothe," and "we throw," and breaking out in addresses to the reader, to the person about whom he is writing, to himself, and to nobody in particular. His grammar is wild, and his sentences often unintelligible. What, we wonder, does this mean:—"Like its name, the Church of Bradford Abbas has an intensely ecclesiastical appearance, the more easily reconciled when we find," and so on. No one surely ever rambled and maundered to such an extent on paper before. He is always getting into some churchyard, and, instead of betaking himself at once to any epitaphs worth noting, sitting down on a "grassy mound," with the unpleasant result that he is moved to write pages of meditations such as:—"Alone, to the alone, and yet not alone, though the busy living world of the present be shut out. Another wondrous world, the generations of a thousand years, passive and dormant, is around us, waiting the warm spell of conjuration to rouse them. . . . The outward and visible signs of their presence salutes (*sic*) us everywhere." He is fearfully addicted to hackneyed quotations, and, besides numberless scraps of other people's poetry, gives us as many as sixty poems of his own composition. About these we should have been glad to say nothing, but as they have a special index, and take up no small part of the volume, they must be noticed; so we give a specimen, a verse from a piece entitled "The Butterfly and the Beetle"—perhaps some one with ample leisure may succeed in attaching some meaning to it:—

There is an earth and heaven ye say to me—
One fearful, dark! the other sunny, bright:
Creatures ye are of both, and this to thee
Un-eals our pictured lessons to thy sight:
To-day (thy night) the beetle's path ye wend,
To-morrow with a seraph's wings ascend.

In spite of all drawbacks, however, a reader of inexhaustible patience will find a good deal of interesting matter in Mr. Rogers's book. His paper on Ottery-Mohun, for instance, contains the well-known story of the evil deeds of the last Lord Mohun, and an account of the Carews, chiefly made up from Sir John Maclean's scholarly edition of Hoker's Life of Sir Peter Carew. The volume is copiously illustrated, and the representations of brasses and other monuments, and of coats of arms, are specially welcome.

THE SIGNS OF OLD LOMBARD STREET.†

THIS book is published on the old subscription plan, the names of the subscribers following the title-page. It is a method of publication open to abuse, but in such works as this on the

* *Memorials of the West, Historical and Descriptive*. By W. H. Hamilton Rogers, F.S.A. Exeter: James G. Complin. London: John Stark. 1888.
† *The Signs of Old Lombard Street*. By F. G. Hilton Price, F.S.A. With Sixty Illustrations, by James West. London: Field & Tuer.

Lombard Street Signs, where the interest is both archaeological and local—that is to say, limited in extent—it is a plan much to be recommended. Not the least of its advantages is that it enables the author to produce his work in such a handsome form, with printing and paper so admirable, as that in which the *Signs of Old Lombard Street* has been given to its subscribers.

Lombard Street is not like unto Cheapside, or even the Strand, for interest and historical associations. But many well-known names are collected by Mr. Hilton Price from those of former residents in the street. Here lived Robert Amades, Keeper of the Jewels to Henry VIII. At the sign of the "Ring and the Ruby" Queen Elizabeth's goldsmith, Thomas Muschamp, carried on his business. On the site of what was afterwards the "Grasshopper" Jane Shore's husband had his shop:—

In Lombard Street I once did dwell
As London yet can witness well:
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of gold.

Sir Thomas Vyner and his son Sir Robert, the "Prince of Goldsmiths," lived here and were buried in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth. And another resident was John Colvill, the friend of Samuel Pepys. In the *Little London Directory* of 1677 a list is given of the goldsmiths who kept "running cashes." There were twenty-seven of these in Lombard Street, and the signs of the houses where they carried on trade are given. Mr. Hilton Price, however, has recovered over a hundred signs once belonging to the street between the years 1488 and 1799, most of which can be identified with the houses as they are now numbered.

The signs of old London, like the signs of modern London, now only seen outside taverns, showed a remarkable lack of invention. The "Sun," the "Bolt and Tun," the "Flower de Luce," the "Rose," the "Angel," the "Mermaid," the "Plough," the "Feathers," the "Crown," the "Three Anchors," would do for any roadside inn of modern days. A few, however, are unexpected. The "Morocco's Head" would now be the "Saracen's Head" or the "Moor's Head"; the "Hat and Harrow" is a queer conjunction; the "Unicorn and Ring"—here the animal is figured as kneeling before a beautiful damsel carrying a lily—probably indicates that the old "Unicorn" destroyed by the Great Fire has passed into the hands of a goldsmith, who makes rings; the "Cardinal's Cap" clearly belongs to pre-Reformation times, and was changed after the Fire to the "Cock"; the "Grasshopper" is not an unusual name; but it is interesting, because it was the sign of Jane Shore's husband first and of Sir Thomas Gresham afterwards.

The drawing of the signs was generally—we suppose that Mr. James West has faithfully copied them—very good, and less conventional than might have been expected. The Head of Charles in the Royal Oak, with three Crowns round it—here Pepys and Alexander Broome drank Haut Brion in the year 1663—is very quaint and pleasing; the Three Angels are as lavish of their charms as if they were the three Choristers; the "King's Head" shows, apparently, the unlovely countenance of the second James. The "Anchor," the "Rose," the "Crown," the "Bible," and the "Castle" cannot possibly be mistaken. We must not forget the careful notes made by the compiler of this learned and useful work to every drawing. From these the reader may gather the best account of old Lombard Street which has ever been put together. Would that other antiquaries would take the same pains with other streets! We venture to submit to their consideration the claims of Thames Street, much neglected, but full of historical interest; of Chepe; of Ludgate Hill and "Pawle's," and of Leadenhall Street. There are other streets; but let us begin with these—a book on each. There will be no lack of subscribers, and the Leadenhall Press may be trusted to produce the books as beautifully as Mr. Hilton Price's *Signs of Old Lombard Street*.

NOVELS.*

OF books such as Mr. Robert Buchanan's latest novel one is tempted to say, with Dr. Johnson, when he compared a woman's preaching to a dog dancing on its hind legs, "Sir, the wonder is, not that the thing is done well, but that it is done at all." No one can possibly read *The Heir of Linne*, and notice the extreme thinness of the story, the scantiness of the dialogue, the threadbare quality of the incidents, and the scamped and scrappy nature of the descriptions, without feeling that the wonder is that the novel has been written at all. Out of the stuff with which he has provided himself none but the wielder of a most practised pen could possibly have produced even so meagre a narrative as Mr. Buchanan has succeeded in putting together. And yet, in reading Mr. Buchanan's book, it is impossible to quite forget the power and vigour of which he is in reality capable. Those who have taken the trouble to study the Italian fresco-painters of the end of the seventeenth century, who covered the vast walls and ceilings of the late churches and palaces, will remember how sometimes the scamped figures that sprawl across a Heaven or an Olympus, on fluffy clouds of cotton-wool, show, when looked at closely, that the painter had in reality

capabilities for higher things. Had the taste of the time demanded it, he could have filled his wall-spaces as fairly and as thoroughly, if not as delicately, as Luni. Since, however, he lived in an age that would tolerate bad work, and since to pad and scamp was easier than to work like an artist, he padded and scamped. Feelings of this sort are produced by reading Mr. Buchanan's novel. We feel he might easily do so much better; indeed, we remember that he has done much better, and yet we see him working so ill. Those who approach *The Heir of Linne* must banish from their minds the old ballad, which lends nothing in story or incident to the book. The plot of the present work, such as it is, revolves round the figure of Willie the Preacher, a broken-down Socialistic stump-orator, who in early life has been first a minister of the Scotch Church, then a friend and disciple of Robert Owen, till at last, ruined by drink and a touch of madness, he has broken from all creeds but some fantastic creation of his own, and has taken to wandering up and down the south-west coast of Scotland, preaching, singing, and begging. If in the picture of Willie the Preacher there is something that interests us, there is nothing either original or remarkable in any of the other characters of the book. They, indeed, are simply constructed out of novelists' common-form. There is the wicked old laird, who repents too late—that is, when he hears that the woman he has ruined and his child are drowned. There is the woman herself (of course a melancholy but saintly victim, who hopes against hope that the laird will do her right in the end), and the child (of course lovely and good till he grows up, and then tall, stern, and noble-minded), who are neither of them drowned, though, in the usual way, every one imagines they are. There is also the adopted daughter of the laird, who softens the old man into comparative decency of deportment; and the laird's Paris-bred heir. Need we add that besides there is a complicated will, with the usual intricate marriage provisions so much in favour with novelists; and, last of all, an innocent girl with whom the heir has gone through a mock marriage?

The faults of *A Breton Maiden* are in some ways the very opposites of those of the novel we have just been discussing. Instead of the work being that of a practised pen, it is essentially that of an amateur. Instead of the story being too thin and too commonplace, it errs from being confused with a crowd of incoherent incidents, and from relying too much for its interest on rather far-fetched situations. Every page, indeed, of *A Breton Maiden* shows signs that the author, if not exactly new to her business, has by no means completely mastered the technical part of the art of novel-writing. Still the faults that arise from lack of skill are in reality far less tiresome, and so far more pardonable, than those which come from padding. Brittany at the time of the Revolution is a good place in which to lay a story. The strange customs of the Bretons, their dogged, uncompromising national character, their storm-beaten sea-coasts, the wild and wind-swept heaths on which stand the cromlechs and dolmens still regarded with so much of superstitious reverence by the peasants, the weird beauty of that Celtic legendary lore of which the Bretons are now the chief guardians, all render Brittany a peculiarly promising scene for a novelist. To say that the "French Lady," who, as the title-page tells us, is the author of *A Breton Maiden*, has made the fullest use of her local colour would perhaps be going too far. Still she has not altogether neglected it, and has up to a certain point used her opportunity well. She is evidently intimately acquainted with Brittany and the Bretons, and so what she tells us of them is of real interest. Her account of the Bretons is thus the redeeming feature of the book, for it must be confessed that her plot becomes often very much confused. At one period, indeed, its development reminds one of a harlequinade, so rapid and so eccentric are the movements of the characters. They fly backwards and forwards, and play hide-and-seek with ferocious soldiers in old castles, woods, and farmhouses in a manner truly bewildering. Into this tangled web we do not, however, propose to introduce our readers. We will content ourselves with mentioning that among the characters there are—a Chevalier destined by his uncle to make a *mariage de convenance* with a rich heiress who, notwithstanding that the Chevalier falls desperately in love with her, does not marry him; a friend of the Chevalier who does marry her—that is, if the young couple ever escape from the dangers amidst which the end of the third volume leaves them; a disagreeable Breton noble who will keep proposing to the heroine; two amiable uncles; one amiable but invalid aunt; an honest farmer; a proscribed priest and his sturdy brother; a devoted servant, and a host of supers in the shape of loyal peasants and cruel soldiers. The following passages may be quoted to show that the writer is not without a certain descriptive power. The peasants row out in their open boats at midnight to hear mass, said upon the water by the proscribed Curé of their village, who is under the ban of the Jacobins:—

Soon in the perfect silence of the night, only broken by the noise of the oars, was heard a distant silver bell; and every barque rowed towards the place from which the sound came. One large boat, all alone, was there in the distance, and, as soon as it was perceived, the eyes of the crowd of men, women, and children, in the other boats, were all directed towards it. They remained at a respectful distance and formed a semi-circular group round it; then the boat advanced towards the centre and stopped, and in the midst of the silence, broken only by the gentle murmur of the waves that came rippling up against the keels of the boats, a man's voice, close, strong, and solemn: "Dominus vobiscum!" and the kneeling crowd responded: "Et cum spiritu tuo!" and the Curé, clothed in his white surplice and embroidered stole, the golden threads of which now and then glittered like the twinkling light of a star, began to say

* *The Heir of Linne*. By Robert Buchanan. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

A Breton Maiden. By a French Lady. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1888.

Mass to the serious and attentive crowd, whose murmured responses lost themselves on the moving waters. And, when the silver bell announced the elevation of the consecrated Host, the crowd prostrated themselves and wept aloud, for their shepherd was an outcast, and the consolations of religion they could only get by stealth.

We cannot leave the *Breton Maiden* without noticing the quaint Gallicisms which a "French lady" has scattered with no unsparring hand over her book. "It's most gallant. But who forces . . . ?" says the friend when the Chevalier announces his intention to marry. "Ah! uncle, uncle, whatever put it into your head to marry me?" is the pathetic exclamation of a nephew, not of a niece. Occasionally, however, the style ceases to be French, and drops, we are fain to admit, into the worst three-volume idiom—"One they were and one they were to be, and he was bright and handsome, and could plead so well!" If there were no reviewers, even the print and paper would call out on such writing. With one more criticism we shall rest content. It cannot be believed that a poem in Breton, or for that matter in Chinese, could exist with any lines that could possibly be translated, even into prose, thus:—"He is dressed like a peasant, blue overcoat with embroideries, blue waistcoat, and leather gaiters, small straw hat with red lines." The reader, however, must not be discouraged by these little weaknesses of style; for, after all, the interest of the book itself is very little affected by them.

FLOUR MANUFACTURE.*

ONE of the very oldest of industries, of which there is evidence in far-off prehistoric times, found in the lake-dwellings of Europe as well as in Egypt and in the East, is the preparation of the wheat grain for food by bruising, crushing, and milling. Man's original grinders were, of course, his molar teeth, but it may be presumed that these grinders wore out, as they still do, and instead of starving, as the poor old toothless lion does (is the natural death of wild beasts starvation?), being endowed with intellect and ingenuity, man ground his food between stones, and further, to save himself trouble, employed his women and his slaves to do it for him, as the Bible testifies. The fruit of the wheat plant—Dr. Kick says it is a fruit and not a seed (p. 21), because the germ is supplied with nourishment in the endosperm—that we eat has been the principal food of the nations of central Europe and the countries surrounding the Mediterranean for countless unknown generations, and has been carried as such to America and all lands peopled by Europeans. There are parts of the world too cold and parts of the world too hot for the wheat plant, but the grain or flour can now be carried to the outermost parts of the earth, and it will probably supersede in the long run, as a better food, the rice of the Chinese and the Indian nations.

This work of Dr. Kick's is the standard work on the modern methods of manufacturing flour, or, in simpler English, of milling, and the present is a second edition, with a supplement dated 1888, very carefully translated into English by Mr. Powles. The evolution of milling would be very astonishing if the complicated machinery of the present day for all purposes were not so familiar to us. Nevertheless, the march from the bruising stones now stored in museums to the roller mills of to-day ought to be of high interest. The power employed has proceeded from the hand and arm to the patient ass, to the water and wind power, to the steam now so much in vogue, which last is probably again to be replaced by a more economical and better force applied by electricity. Wind and water occupied a long period in the history of milling, and the miller is a romantic personage in many a song and many a story. There is a deep philosophy in the windmills of Don Quixote, and go where you may the miller will rank amongst the most intelligent of the population, by virtue, no doubt, of the educating influence of his machinery. The milling to which we have been accustomed in England is the ordinary grinding with millstones, from the rough-and-ready way of the country miller by the stream with his water-wheel, or on the hill with his windmill, to the town miller with his silk dressing-machines and his superfine flour, each supplying his district according to the demand, or, rather, regulating the demand by the produce he is able to supply. Dr. Kick, being an Austrian, describes the process of milling with millstones, as practised in Austria and Hungary, and he explains the construction of the millstones themselves, the best being made of a French stone in sections, cemented together in the round millstone shape. The upper millstone is the "runner," the one that revolves, and the other performs the proverbial part of the nether millstone. The nether millstone has sometimes been made the runner, and sometimes both have been runners, but there has been no marked difference in the result. Millstones are best adapted for low grinding, which, according to modern notions, is a very low thing indeed, adhered to, we regret to say, by the English long after such low practices had been abandoned by nations of a higher milling civilization. Low grinding is performed by the stones being placed so close to one another that the grain is ground into one mass of crushed meal, to be afterwards "dressed," or sifted, by dressing machines of wire or silk, according to the miller's ability, into flour and offal. High grinding is performed by the grinders being placed so far apart as only just to touch the grain on the first occasion, to be

succeeded by a dozen or more distinct, and, in a milling sense, different, processes of crushing. This high grinding is the modern milling, or flour manufacture, the science and art of which Dr. Kick's book fully describes, and is the authority in the hands of every miller who has any respect for his calling. Householders know that Hungarian flour is the finest and best that can be got for special purposes, and this flour has been imported from Hungary up to recent times to meet the demand for it. English millers, however, have now adopted the Hungarian method, as expounded by Dr. Kick; and the very best flour, as fine as any Hungarian, can be obtained of English manufacture. There is a demand in Hungary for the very finest flour, and a demand also for the lower sorts; hence the fact that the Hungarians and Austrians have elaborated the very complicated machinery now in use. Millstones have given place to rollers of iron, steel, or porcelain, much smaller and handier than millstones, and more easily adjusted. We will attempt to describe the modern process of high milling in the best mills in a few words, recommending the reader to Dr. Kick's book for further information as to his principal food; for, after all, what a small proportion does his meat bear to his flour food in his daily meals if he is a wholesome feeder!

The miller first catches his hare—in other words, he obtains the wheat that he requires, making selections for his special purpose from the great varieties that are offered to him on the market. This is not the place to treat of the different qualities of wheat; suffice it to say that the English farmer grows the finest white and red wheats, but they require mixing with others from a drier climate for the miller's use. Having made a suitable mixture of wheats, the first process within the mill is to thoroughly cleanse the grain. In a high-class mill this is the first ingenious and complicated operation that is likely to strike a stranger with wonder. The wheat looks fairly clean till the refuse of the cleaning is exposed to the naked eye, when the abominable stuff that would have otherwise "gone into consumption" is made painfully manifest. The berry goes through many different sorts of cleaning before it is entrusted to the rollers. Some wheat, which has been threshed on an earthen floor—Indian wheat, for example—must be washed and dried. All seeds other than those of wheat must be taken out. Foreign substances of all kinds, an indescribable medley acquired in transport, must be rejected; amongst these are small pieces of iron, needles, odds and ends of nails and wire, which would damage the rollers, to say nothing of our digestion. These trifles are seized by a series of strong horse-shoe magnets, through which the wheat is made to run. And the skin of the berry itself is thoroughly cleaned by machinery. There is a deep crease or furrow in the wheat berry, dividing it into two parts, as every one must know. This crease is a refuge for dirt, and can only be cleaned by dividing the berry into two parts. This duty is performed by the first set of rollers, and the true milling has begun by the first "break," as it is technically called, the rollers being set so high, or so far apart, as only just to separate the two sections of the grain at the crease. The grain then passes through six or more sets of iron or steel rollers one after another, each performing their office of "breaking." Some of these rollers are smooth, others are grooved, and the surfaces of a pair turn on their axes at a different rate of speed in the same direction, by which the breaking process is more complete. This breaking may be called process No. 1. After each set of rollers there is a "scalper," a milling term taken from the Americans. The berry being broken by the rollers, the scalper is a machine that takes from the broken berry whatever flour or refuse may be loosened; but this is not the fine flour which it is the object of the miller to make. The scalping may be called process No. 2. The product of the breaking rollers is then passed to the "purifier," a term used for the machine which separates the light particles of bran from the heavier particles by a current of air. Process No. 3. The product is then passed on to the porcelain rollers, which are a second series of six or more sets of fine rollers, and this process No. 4 is technically called "reducing." The product which is submitted to the reducing process is called dunst; semolina, coarse and fine; and middlings, coarse and fine. After each reducing there is purifying, as before described, and dressing. Dressing, process No. 5, is accomplished by sifting the product of the reducers through exceedingly fine silk dressers. To make fine flour, therefore, there is crushing, purifying, and dressing, to be repeated over and over again, until everything but the purest flour, or endosperm of the grain, has been eliminated—leaving a very beautiful object to the eye. It will be seen that the term purifying consists in separating the light from the heavy particles by currents of air; and the term dressing consists in separating the coarse from the fine particles by sifting. This is a short account of the milling carried on in our best modern roller-mills. The power, water or steam, as the case may be, is applied to the whole by means of bands and wheels; no hands are used, except to examine the results, and from the uncleaned wheat to the last process all is passed on automatically. There is, moreover, a curious dust machine, contrived to absorb all the dust flying about in a mill, which would not only be an annoyance to the men, but would also find its way into the flour. The finest Hungarian flour is indicated by Nos. 000, 00, 0, and the other qualities by Nos. 1, 2, 3, &c., showing that after No. 1 had been reached it was necessary to use 0's to mark further progress in refinement. The final result of good milling is 80 per cent. of flour, of which 50 per cent. may be very fine, 16 per cent. of bran and offal, and 4 per cent. of loss.

* *Flour Manufacture: a Treatise on Milling Science and Practice.* By Friedrich Kick. Translated from the second enlarged edition, with supplement, by H. H. P. Powles. Illustrated with 24 Plates and 113 Woodcuts. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

Millers usually divide their produce into flour of all degrees for which they may have a demand; pollard consisting of rejected portions of the grain which is not bran—very good cattle food; and bran, which is the mere outer skin of the wheat berry. The better the miller, the worse the bran, is a well-known saying amongst cattle feeders; for the good miller strips the outer skin off the grain, and leaves you nothing but skin or bran.

Dr. Kick's work is highly scientific and technical, and cannot be recommended for its amusing qualities. But it is the miller's text-book, and is a study for every one interested in a subject of vital importance.

THE LIFE OF MRS. ABINGTON.*

SEVENTY-THREE years after her death, and eighty-nine after her retirement from the stage, "Nosegay Fan" is promoted to be the subject of a memoir. Her early life was in sufficient contrast with her later career to justify the tongue of current scandal in wagging against her. Born of obscurest parentage—her father, first a soldier, afterwards kept a cobbler's stall; her brother was an ostler in Hanway Yard, and her mother died while Frances was still a child—she lived to "ride in her own coach," and, with more prudence than ordinarily distinguishes members of the class from which she sprang, to enjoy a comfortable maintenance during her declining years. She escaped, however, the less than dubious honour of a biography such as was assigned Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Bellamy, or Mrs. Cibber. No pamphlet warfare attended her proceedings. Not a single entry under her name appears in Mr. Lowe's *Bibliography of the Stage*. It is difficult to know to what cause to assign this happy immunity. Gossip enough concerning her there was in her lifetime, God wot. This, however, is mainly buried in old and scandalous newspapers and magazines. Were it not for the record given to the world during her lifetime in that pestilent publication, *The Secret History of the Green Room*, there would be scarcely a reason to doubt that the virtues of Frances Abington were as shining as her abilities, and were calculated to shed a lustre upon the respectable family with which, after her advancement in her profession, she amiably, if gratuitously, allied herself.

Now even, when the anonymous compiler of to-day has cast upon Mrs. Abington a light which his predecessor of a couple of generations ago failed to afford, perhaps because the sight of a gem with so many facets bred a doubt as to his capacity to do it justice, pretty Fanny's peccadilloes are spared. No attempt whatever is made to drag her "frailties from their drear abode." Garrick's censure of Mrs. Abington is of course recorded. On the back of one of her letters to him Garrick has written that she was "The worst of bad women." This spiteful outbreak had, however, reference to her temper, after a more than usually fervid display of its nature, and might possibly be taken as a proof of her pious austerity. Seldom, indeed, has an equally decorous biographer dealt with a heroine equally frail. The marriage of Frances Barton in September 1759 to "Mr. James Abington, a trumpeter in the Royal service," is duly chronicled. We are told, moreover, that the name Mrs. Abington now bore was "a name she was destined afterwards to cover with lustre, but a name, so far as she was concerned, connected only with difficulty and unhappiness."

Of the circumstances that preceded or accompanied her marriage there is no hint. The separation which followed cannot be passed over in silence. With a discretion as rare as it is commendable, her biographer says, "As Mrs. Abington grew popular her husband showed unmistakable signs of jealousy, whether justifiable or not it is not easy to say; but things came to such a pitch, and the dissatisfaction grew so mutual, that by common consent they parted."

To what good fairy Mrs. Abington owes her happiness it is, in her biographer's words, "not easy to say." Certain at least it is that, while her distinguished talents have met with full and steady recognition, she has escaped most of the penalties of histrionic greatness. It is no business and no pleasure of ours to revive the accusations that were brought against her while she was still living, and remained, possibly through a justly entertained contempt for the polluted source whence they sprang, unanswered. We will even applaud the new system of preparing a theatrical biography which, passing by the materials on which previous scribes were accustomed to dwell, records all that is creditable to an actress, and places in the other scale nothing except her shrewishness. We content ourselves, accordingly, with saying of this beautiful, accomplished, and inspired vixen—the first Lady Teazle and, it has been held, the best Beatrice—that she has been more fortunate, as regards the records of her private life, than some of her contemporaries.

The artistic career of Mrs. Abington is not eventful. Much credit is due to her for the manner in which she educated herself; so that, while singing or selling flowers in Leicester Fields, reciting at public-house doors, or acting as servant to a French milliner in Cockspur Street, or cook-maid in the kitchen of Robert Baddeley of histrionic fame, she learned, according to the perhaps not very exacting standard of that day, to "read and speak French with facility" and to "converse in Italian." She appeared upon the stage, and created slowly a favourable impression. She then went for five years to Dublin, and returned the height of the fashion. Hitchcock, in his *Historical View of the Irish Stage*,

speaks of her as "then" (1762) "esteemed one of the first comic actresses ever beheld in this kingdom"; and Tate Wilkinson, who acted with her at Smock-Alley Theatre, goes into unwonted raptures over this invaluable "jewel," which had been in Dublin "almost in a state of obscurity." Her taste in dress was admitted to be equal to her abilities; she was an acknowledged leader of the *ton*; ladies imitated her attire; and the Abington cap became the rage. Her subsequent career until her retirement was passed in the blaze of triumph. Its principal events are well known. The number of important characters she played, her influence over Johnson, who, though he could neither see nor hear, obeyed her command to go to her benefit; how Reynolds painted her as Miss Prue, and how Horace Walpole paid her the highest compliments, and gave her leave to bring an unlimited number of friends to inspect his possessions, are not these things told more or less unveraciously in the glowing chronicle of Dr. Doran? Suffice it to say that for thirty years she queened it over the stage on which she walked, stamped, played, fretted, and sulked in a manner that enchanted every one except those who were at the mercy of her whims and vagaries.

Not very difficult is the task of spreading over a volume the record of her successes. The casts with which pieces were played are given in Genest. These printed *in extenso* fill a considerable space. Records of her successes in Ireland are found in Hitchcock and elsewhere. Davies in his *Life of Garrick*, Dibdin in his *History of the Stage*, Boaden in his *Life of Mrs. Jordan*, supply more or less information, and the *Garrick Correspondence* furnishes a supply of petulant, spiteful letters which are reproduced, and constitute the most amusing reading in the volume. The prologues she recited and the lumbering impromptus which were written upon her contribute further materials; and the volume, thus constituted, extends to the regulation size of the less important theatrical biographies.

Bringing together a quantity of information only to be found by some research, this *Life* claims recognition. We should be thankful for more accuracy, and, though this perhaps is hypercritical, for a few traces of style. On p. 10 we are favoured with the following astounding cast for *The Winter's Tale*, which, as a literary curiosity, we copy *in extenso*. The date of the performance is said to be March 24, 1757:—Leontes, Garrick; Daffodil, Woodward; Tukely, Palmer; Dizzy, Yates; Sophia, Miss Macklin; Arabella, Miss Minors; Mrs. Dotterel, Miss Barton; Widow Damply, Miss Cross; Lady Fanny Pewit, Mrs. Bradshaw. So startling is this it throws other errors into the shade. We might otherwise congratulate our author on the discovery of Thomas Moseen, an actor and a dramatist previously unknown to fame, and of a play by Moliere (*sic*) entitled *George Dandin*; on speaking of Mrs. Baddeley (*sic*) as a cook, on the play of *Albumazer*, and on Mrs. Abington, as regards dress, appearing "parfaitement habile." What, however, is more aggravating than any error is the dexterous way in which quotation marks are used. Where these leave off is not seldom a matter of dubiety to the reader. This has the advantage or disadvantage that the author may be robbed of the credit of some cunning turn of phrase or startling departure from recorded history the responsibility of which may be fastened upon Genest, or Davies, or who knows what chronicle, of things theatrical. The grace and refinement of style meanwhile may be guessed from the passage in which it is shown that after "Mrs. A—s" (why this discretion?) "return to England . . . the same jealousy" (on the part of Mrs. Clive) "again broke out and would sometimes display itself in bickerings and altercations that were not entirely congenial to the delicacy of the sex." An engraving of Cosway's portrait of Mrs. Abington appears in the volume, which is supplied with a full index.

COOKERY BOOKS.*

THE triumph of the "little dish" is one of the rare pieces of real progress in an age of much sham progress. It is a triumph which has been hardly won, and over which, perhaps, it is pardonable for those who by learned discourse in the proper places, such as this *Review*, have helped it on, to pride themselves. It is not, we think, more than ten, certainly not more than twelve or fifteen, years since an indignant correspondent of that very estimable paper the *Queen*, which had been setting a good example by giving recipes of the kind, broke out in thunder on the head of the devoted editor. "How long," he asked, or at least he used words to this effect, "were these degrading kickshaws to be held up to imitation?" And then followed a passage which was so exquisitely British and human that it has dwelt in our memory as things seen in a casually taken up newspaper do not often dwell after many years. "Young ladies," said the indignant one, "would lose their appetite, and young men their patience, before the joint appeared." We forget whether the editor of our esteemed contemporary summoned up courage enough to hint that possibly

* *Oysters à la Mode*. By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

Soups and Dressed Fish à la Mode. By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

The Afternoon Tea-Book. By Agnes C. Maitland. London: Hogg, 1888.

Dainties, English and Foreign. By Mrs. H. C. Davidson. London: Hatchards. 1888.

365 Puddings and Sweets. By Lucy Jones. New edition. London: Allen. 1888.

* *The Life of Mrs. Abington*. Including Notes upon the History of the Irish Stage, by the Editor of the "Life of Quin." London: Reader.

"the joint" might never appear at all, and might, once in a way, be no great loss. Probably he did not, and was wise in abstaining, for the afflicted enemy of kickshaws might have gone away and done some rash act like the historical admirer of crumpets. But we have always dated the triumph of little dishes from that letter, not of course as a cause, but as a symptom. The correspondent of the *Queen* was like Mr. Swinburne's Pagan priest. He saw the little dishes; "he knelt not, neither adored them"; but he evidently knew that "the joint" was doomed at least as a sole and single source of food. Far be it from us to wish that it should suffer any further eclipse than that of having other lights to share and vary its sometimes rather oppressive splendour.

Mrs. De Salis has done as much as another to assist the substitution of aristocracy for tyranny. We do not, indeed, much like her catchword "*À la Mode*." In the finer and greater arts, such as cookery, fashion is nothing. Little dishes are not better than large ones because they are fashionable, but because they are cheaper, more varied, healthier for persons who do not take a great deal of exercise, and better suited to add an interest to life. However, no doubt the great name of "*Beef à la Mode*" gives the phrase a certain authority in cookery. Mrs. De Salis's opinions on what the later Lord Peter would have called "the general question" are sound, for she admits that she thinks oysters best when unadorned. But it is no paradox to say that in art we do not want the best only; we want all the good things; and in many ways (with a restriction to be noted presently) cooked and dressed oysters are very good things indeed. We question, indeed, whether there is a better dish of its kind in the world than the old-fashioned scalloped oyster. The learning in the introduction is but kitchen learning, and when Mrs. De Salis says that Essex and Suffolk are the most celebrated localities for oysters, she must mean Essex and Kent. Nor do we know what she means by "the celebrated Rocher de Cancale oyster." The "*Rocher de Cancale*," it need hardly be said, is famous as a place of eating, not of fishing, oysters; and if Mrs. De Salis has ever eaten oysters at Cancale itself (where there are no rocks at all) we think she will agree with us that they are no great shakes. But all this does not matter. The important point is the receipts. We do not observe in these any warning against tinned oysters such as we should like to have seen. They are sometimes very unwholesome; they are almost always tough; and they are generally either flavourless or coarse. No doubt there are exceptions; but as a rule we should say, "Don't have oysters at all if you cannot get them fresh." Mrs. De Salis, however, gives and largely uses in her receipts a preparation called oyster powder, which is derived from the actual fresh fish, and which, though we have not tried it, seems not unpromising. We like the recipe for "Attelets of oysters"—a sort of a cross between a scallop and a rissole. "Little bombs of oysters" are of the more elaborate order of cookery, but excellent. Of oyster sandwiches we do not approve; they are sloppy, and the oyster has a fiendish habit of evasion. Neither are we great partisans of curried oysters, which are nearly always tough. But "Chartreuse of oysters," "Oyster cream," and "Fleur d'huitres au cordon bleu," may all be recommended to those who believe in very elaborate cookery. For ourselves, without being rigid puritans as to oysters *au naturel*, we are inclined to think that the simpler accommodations are the best. Of these there is a capital fricassee here; also a good "Huitres au plat." "Oyster roly-poly" sounds and reads a little like confusion, but it may be good; and we really do not know that in all the book, where there is nothing bad, there is anything better than "Stewed oysters of the last century." This is very much like the traditional receipts which people used to do for themselves in little silver saucepans in the days of suppers. A few miscellaneous shellfish receipts are added, and they make a very good finale. Mrs. De Salis has the large charity to condescend even to periwinkle patties. The whelk must, after this, feel jealous at his surely arbitrary exclusion.

The companion volume on *Soups and Dressed Fish* (the latter a good old phrase which has rather gone out of late) has, of course, a much wider subject; but the author very modestly and honestly disclaims much originality here. Still we find some novelties, at least novelties to us. The opening article, "*Alma Mater Soup*" (it would, we think, make an English University cook stare), is a kind of glorified sheep's-head broth which we do not remember to have seen before. "*Purée d'asperges*" and "*Potage aux pointes d'asperges*"—two good things (but the latter is the better) often confounded in English menus—follow with other well-known soups. In the *Bouillabaisse* receipt we miss the bread which plays such a large part in the best form of the soup, and indeed sometimes makes Englishmen deny it the name of soup at all. The *Bisques* are good; but is not bisque rather too much eating and drinking mixed? The most orthodox soup, "*à l'Impératrice*," is, if we mistake not, a simple *consommé* with poached eggs in it, which is said to have been invented, and succeeded, on the spur of the moment at Compiègne. Here it is a *purée* of lettuce. We do not find, and we are not sure that we ever have found in a book, the plain but excellent fish soup which is called, in Scotland—at least in the North of Scotland—"Fish in sauce," or "Fish and sauce." And we think it a mistake to use sherry, unless it be very old brown sherry, instead of Madeira in turtle soup. But these are the only unfavourable criticisms that occur to us, and these are not very unfavourable. In the fish division we only do not find much to notice because all is good. We should add some garlic to the "*Barbue à la Provençale*," and in the receipts for dressing salmon we note a little of the (we had hoped) obsolete

error of smothering the natural and unsurpassable flavour of the fish with all the strongest foreign tastes of sauce. But "*Soles à la déesse*" deserve particular notice.

Mrs. Maitland's book is as miscellaneous as the meal for which she is catering. Her recommendation of ordinary saucepans for making coffee and chocolate is rather unusual. There are numerous receipts for fresh bread, cakes, &c., especially Northern varieties of the latter. Both "John Peel's teacakes" and "Liverpool Exhibition hotcakes" read well, but caraway-seeds in Bath buns are all wrong. After more than a hundred varieties of this kind we come to sandwiches. A honey and oatmeal variety of these we do not remember to have seen elsewhere, and there is another curious device of the same sort composed of Devonshire cream and biscuit powder. "*Lauretta sandwiches*," yet again of the same kind, but depending generally on cream cheese, with very original garnishings, may also be noted. In fact, these are interesting additions to that restoration of the sandwich which we are glad to see, and which is one of the not many good results of the practice of five-o'clocking. The cider-cup receipt is fair; but it is a vain imagination that ice should not be put into cider-cup. It can be cooled that way just as well as by the tedious standing in a refrigerator, and there is absolutely no difference of taste. The note to "put the sugar last of all" into claret cup is a more important error. What is the result? The fine powder revives the effervescence of the soda-water, and the mixture, losing an unnecessary amount of gas, becomes vapid. The best way is to put sugar, flavourings, and whatever "alcohols" are used, first of all; to add the claret after these have well amalgamated, and to put in the fizzing water last of all, even, if anybody likes, after the ice. But perhaps no lady ever did quite understand cups. The "*Mandarins*" cup is ingenious, but rather a punch than a cup. There is a good cool tankard; and, on the whole, the book, at a small cost and in very small space, provides an unusually miscellaneous collection of receipts for the same meal.

The fourth book on our list is, like all the others, small and of small things; and also like all the others makes a commendable attempt to provide novelties; but it is of a more general and miscellaneous character. Mrs. Davidson appears to have drawn largely on Spanish receipts—a source not hitherto much worked in our country, probably because of the notion that, except chick-peas, garlic, and oil, there is nothing in the Spanish cook's pharmacopoeia. A considerable variety of tortillas is given, but the tortilla of Mrs. Davidson appears to be an omelet, while we had always understood that the real or Mexican tortilla is a pancake or fritter, the difference, of course, being the inclusion of flour. "*Bacalao*," or dried fish, also figures. Two tripe receipts of Spanish character, or at least names, may please those who delight in that savoury, and a "*Sole asado*"—a kind of sole au gratin—reads well. Even a *desdichado doblado* might, if he liked sweets, rejoice in a "*Soplado*," which appears to be a sort of marchpane or almond sugar cake. "*Rosquilla*" is a much more unfamiliar thing of the same kind, the unsubstantial foundations whereof appear to be eggs, aniseed, and sugar. "*Buñuelos*" simple, or "*Malaganian*" (a name strongly suggestive of Famon-gomadan, and the other gigantically denominated giants in the *Amadis*), "*Bollos*," "*Manecados*," "*Mantequillas*," "*Sopillos*," "*Turon*," all these things will look well in menus, and provided man fears not toothache or cloying, perhaps not taste ill in the mouth. The oddest named thing in the book is "Angel's hair." We shall not say what it is, only observing that, of all the angels we have known (and thank Heaven! we have known many), no one ever had hair in the least like this. We do not know that we care much for iced soup, but if anybody does, he will find two prescriptions here; and there is a good Puchero. The two receipts "*à la Valenciana*" contain oil enough to satisfy anybody; but, without sharing the British delusion above mentioned, we can hardly believe that any Valencian receipt for cooking mutton and chicken can be totally destitute of garlic. For do not Valencians, or did not they, speak a dialect of the *Langue d'Oc*? Various réchauffés of beef with Hidalgish names—"fricando," "rehogardo," "guisado," *omne quod erit in o*—are promising enough, and Spanish onions, "*rellenas*," sound to the manner born. It should not be supposed that Mrs. Davidson confines herself to these outlandishnesses. We have only cursorily noted the most novel or novel-sounding of some three hundred receipts. As may be guessed perhaps by the cunning, even her English prescriptions have a general tendency to the full-flavoured; but full-flavoured cookery, though English interiors cannot stand a long continuance of it, is well enough now and then, and we recommend the book as having what neither all nor most cookery-books have—a place and a character of its own.

Miss Jones of all our authors alone appears not for the first time, and her book is occupied solely with the comparatively poor creature "Sweets." For these reasons, and these only, we dismiss her more briefly; but those whom her matter concerns will find her a faithful and fertile source of information.

THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.*

THE *Classical Review* has entered upon its second year of existence, and that the sanguine expectations with which it was started have not been altogether disappointed may be conjectured from the fact of an *Archæological Review* being now

* The *Classical Review*. Vol. I. London: David Nutt.

projected by the same publishers. That the *Classical Review* has well earned all the success which it has achieved will not be denied by anybody who has studied the successive numbers as they appeared, now collected in a handsome and serviceable cover for the library shelves. Not the least interesting parts of the *Classical Review* are the obituary notices of recently departed scholars. Chief among them is the illustrious Johan Nicolai Madvig, who died at the end of 1886, aged 84; not by any means a mere *savant*, he was an active politician, a member of the Danish Parliament, and at different periods Minister of Worship, Inspector of Education, and President of the Council. "He was the hero of the whole Danish student-world, and to the last he delighted to associate with them." On his critical work many acute and some flippant attacks have been made, but the scholars who were best able to detect the faults of his method were most enthusiastic in recognizing its commanding merits. Cobet's words in proposing his health deserve to be quoted:—"Pugnabimus tecum, contendemus tecum, eoque vehementius pugnabimus quo te vehementius admiramur." Amongst other deceased scholars mentioned in the *Classical Review* are Dr. Thompson (Master of Trinity), a fastidiously sound Platonist, a triumphant vindicator of the *Sophist's* authenticity, and the maker of many caustic witticisms; Henri Jordan, unrivalled as an authority on Roman topography; G. H. Heslop, editor of many speeches of Demosthenes; Wilhelm Henzen, an eminent specialist in Latin epigraphy, well remembered for his courtesy to strangers at Rome; and Carl Schaper, a fluent Latin speaker, editor of Virgil, who did not relax the energy of his research even when his mortal sickness was upon him. The November number of the *Classical Review* contains a pleasant account of Windisch's memoir of Georg Curtius, the learned but ever learning philologist. A critic rather than an enemy of the new school of grammarians, he had the knack of laying his finger on the weak places of "the doctrines now rapidly becoming popular."

In this as in other matters of controversy the conductors of the *Classical Review* have succeeded in presenting both sides of the question. Karl Brugmann's "complete official statement of the new Indo-European grammar" is received with gushing welcome by one philologist (who disclaims that offensive description); but another, less convinced or more cautious in expressing his assent, writes with judicious reserve on Engelhardt's theory of Latin conjugation. "Some of the illustrations [of the syntax] are enough to take away the breath of a scholar who has not followed the more recent developments of comparative philology." Professor Wilkins goes out of his way to doubt whether Engelhardt is meat for babes, perhaps because Mr. T. C. Snow had previously declared that Brugmann's book not only could be used by schoolmasters, "but it must." In Mrs. Oliphant's last novel one of the characters, a good Conservative, favours Greek and Latin, because (it is innocently declared) there cannot be any newfangled ways of teaching old things like the classics. Of the prospects of the movement for "reforming" the English pronunciation of Latin Mr. Postgate, writing in April, took an extremely hopeful view; the alterations proposed in Messrs. Triibner's pamphlet had been approved by the Philological Societies of Oxford and Cambridge, and it was expected that at Cambridge the system would be put into practice at the beginning of Michaelmas term. Admitting the existence of differences among the Reformers, Mr. Postgate considered that there was a fundamental agreement, as to "general effect and essential particulars," sufficient to justify a beginning in practical work. It is not stated whether the scheme of pronunciation (that which is attributed to the Augustan period) is to be extended in its entirety to the earlier and later writers, or whether the unhappy undergraduate is to modify his pronunciation according to the date of his author.

Under the head of Appeals, J. E. B. Mayor demands with justice that "the republic of scholars" shall extend a liberal support to Professor Wölfflin's *Thesaurus of Latinity*. The subscribers take 250 copies, so that only 280 are offered for public sale; and four volumes have already appeared at the very moderate price of 12s. each. In this *Archiv für lateinische Lexicographie* "many hundreds of words are registered for the first time," and "the whole method of lexicography is criticized from many points of view"; so that an eye trained by these volumes will search the field of Latinity "with a clearer vision and a more definite aim." A small subsidy is allowed by the Munich Academy, and the highly capable editor receives no remuneration; but an increase of subscriptions is urgently needed. Another proposal, not less deserving of serious consideration, but not appealing to the pocket, is to adopt Mr. E. M. Thompson's scheme for making a descriptive catalogue of classical MSS. in public and private libraries, in the first instance at home, but afterwards (if possible) abroad. The editor of the *Classical Review* is anxious to be informed of the existence of any such MSS. and of the names of persons willing to assist in drawing up the descriptive catalogue. Chronological order will be preserved as far as possible, and a start is to be made with the Greek poets. It may be noticed here that Mr. W. F. R. Shilleto's index to the *Classical Review*, exhaustive as it is, does not give sufficient help to the hasty reader. Thus in referring to it for the above scheme, no mention is found under the head of "Catalogue," or "Manuscripts," although it appears under "Scheme," "Classical," and "Thompson." It would be easy to criticize the manner in which the editor has allotted the not very great space at his disposal; but he has many tastes to consult. Some will think that justice has not been done to the scholarship of the New Testament; others that more than

is due has been conceded to numismatics and other branches of archaeology; but this at least is a movement in the right direction. Thanks to the co-operation of gentlemen connected with the British Museum, there is no longer any excuse for the Latin and Greek literatures being taught and learnt as if they had never stood in direct relation with real life. Every facility is afforded in the *Classical Review* to scholars who are anxious to keep themselves abreast of Continental research. Some persons will be surprised to discover the great and successful activity of French scholarship. Practical training in paleography is given at the *École des Chartes*; and an *Album Paléographique* was published last year, which contains, with descriptive letterpress, fifty photographic facsimiles, taken chiefly from French MSS., ranging from the fifth to the seventeenth century. As Mr. Thompson remarks, it is easier to send the MSS. (in facsimile) to the world than to send the world to the MSS., and he hopes that a future increased demand of these facsimiles will result in lowering the present almost prohibitive prices. The subject of classical education in France is discussed in a series of letters, not yet complete, addressed to the editor by a French professor.

In original articles, though there are a few both important and interesting, the *Classical Review* is somewhat deficient. The bulk of each number is given to elaborate notices of recent English and foreign editions, written in the German style, and signed in every case with the reviewer's name or initials. To this plan the objections are obvious; but none of the possible evils have as yet arisen. These detailed criticisms of important books will be found specially useful by the diligent scholars who keep their texts "noted up to date." It is important to know what J. E. B. Mayor says about Friedländer's *Martial*, Robinson Ellis about Bücheler's *Juvenal*, or Jebb about Schmidt's *Greek Dramatists*, not because it is the dictum of a great scholar, but because it is certain to be well said and worthy of record. Up to the present time readers of the *Classical Review* have not been enlivened by a controversy. We are glad to see that the "Note and Query" system has been adopted and successfully developed. Many of these "little bits" are capital reading, instructive as well as suggestive, and the plan ought to draw valuable contributions from scholars who are unable or unwilling to undertake the labour and expense of producing complete and substantive editions of the classics. Moreover, a man may be an indifferent scholar, quite unfit to write a treatise or make an edition, yet he may have a few bright ideas which ought not to be lost. Much future elucidation may be collected by saving these classical candle-ends. Not the least interesting of these casual paragraphs is Dr. B. H. Kennedy's only contribution to the first volume of the *Classical Review*; the proposed derivation of *titulus* from *stilus*, initial "s" being dropped as in many other words, and *titulus* being either reduplicated from *tilus* or converted by assimilation from the diminutive *titulus*. This happy thought was suggested by reading in Rabelais the phrase *titre au dessus*, the title above the page—the *stilus* above the *titulus*—that which is written above to explain that which is written below. Unnecessarily, as we think, Dr. Kennedy makes an apology for dipping into his Rabelais. It was for the sake of the old French, not the matter; but let that pass. Old-fashioned scholars will notice with pleasure that Greek and Latin versification has not yet taken its place among the lost arts. Mr. E. D. Stone gives in Greek a patriotic *Carmen Sæculare*:—

ἀλλὰ παῖδες Ἀλβίωνος οἱς παρέσχεν ἡ Τύχη
γῆς κρατέειν, τέχνας τ' ἐπασχέειν πολυπόνοις μοχθήμασι,
Ἰνδὴν τ' ὅσοι κατοικεῖν ἡ Λιβυτικὴν χθόνα
Καναδιὰν τε τὴν τε ἥσον τὴν ἐπ' αὐτὸν νότον
ταῖτα καρδίαις φρονούντες εὐτόνοις γηρύμασι
τὴν ἔτος τὰδ' εὐθενοῦσθε κίριον τυραννίδος
νῦν ἄγουσαν εὐλογεῖτε, πέμπετ' αἰσιμον μέλος.

Mr. G. C. Warr writes a Dedication from the forthcoming *Echoes of Hellas*; and "G. Denman, Trin. Coll. Camb. quondam Soc." has made a copy of Greek Iambics out of *Black-eyed Susan* (ἡ μελάνοστος Σούσαννα). We believe that the Greek will suggest to those who have nearly forgotten them the English words of Susan's "sweet William":—

Σούσανν' ἐμὴ Σούσαννα, φίλτατον κἄρα,
βέβαιος ἡμῇ πίστις αἰὲν ἐμμενέει
φῆρ', ἐξαλείφω χεῖλίσιν πτηνὸν δάκρυ
ἀποίχομαι μὲν, νόστιμος δ' ἐλεύσομαι.
ἀνέμι μεταλλάσσεσθε' καρδίᾳ δ' ἐμῇ.
μαγνήτις οἶα, πρὸς σε, τὴν Ἀρκτον, ῥέπει
οἶκοι μενόντων μὴ πῆθ' λόγους βροτῶν,
πίστιν θελούντων ψεύδεσιν διαστρέφειν,
ὥς δὴθεν ἀνδρῶν ναυβατῶν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς
τύχῳ, ἔρωτα καὶνὸν εὐρόντων ἀει—
πιθοῦ μὲν οὖν σὺ ταῦτα προσποιουμένοις,
σὺ γὰρ πᾶσι μοι πανταχὲ πλανωμένῳ.

It happens that relatively few pages of the *Classical Review* have been devoted to Ancient History. Mommsen's last volume (*The Roman Provinces under the early Emperors*) receives a short review; so do Fränkel's revised edition of Boeckh's *Public Economy of Athens*, and Schiller's *History of the Empire*. Roman Jurisprudence comes in for incidental discussion in Mr. Roby's examination of some of the points of law involved in Tyrrell's edition of *Cicero's Correspondence*. Full accounts are given of recent excavations at Assarlik, Smyrna, Tiryas, and elsewhere. In promising to deal with all that concerns the language, life, and literature of Greece and Rome down to the

year 800 A.D. in the case of the Western Empire, and to the year 1453 in the case of the Eastern Empire, the editor had undertaken a sufficiently arduous task; and he is to be congratulated on having distributed his pages over the different epochs of this wide period, not of course with equality, but certainly with judicious impartiality.

One of the most practical features of the *Classical Review* is the monthly list of new books published in England and on the Continent, with the prices duly stated. This by itself makes the *Classical Review* indispensable to teachers. A record is kept of the most important recent events at the English and other Universities. It would be pleasant to discuss some of the innumerable questions of interest which are raised in this volume. Enough has been said to prove that the *Classical Review* has been well conceived, well managed, and well executed.

A CENTURY OF BALLADS.*

THERE has always been a kindly feeling in English literature for those artless old ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which travelled through the country in countless pedlars' packs to be the only learning of many a cottage and the delight of many a fireside. In the pages of Walton—pages which seem perennially fragrant with meadow-sweet and flowering rushes—one of Mr. Piscator's chief allurements (or baits) to his companion Viator is an "honest Alehouse," with its "cleanly room," its "Lavender in the windowes" and "twenty Ballads stuck about the wall"; and Swift, describing a country home in "Baucis and Philemon," does not omit these modest mural decorations. "I cannot for my heart," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "leave a Room before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them"; and he goes on to mention one of the very pieces specified by Swift, the pretty "Tragical Story" of "The Children in the Wood"; adding, incidentally, that the late Lord Dorset (*i.e.* Prior's patron) "had a numerous collection of old English Ballads, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them." Goldsmith, again, frankly admits his preference for "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," as rendered by his father's dairymaid, over any of the quavers and *roucoulements* of Signora Colomba Mattei; and in the *Vicar of Wakefield* he dilates upon the "soothing ballads" sung by the blind fiddler and Farmer Flamborough. Evidently, in those words from *The Winter's Tale* which Mr. Ashton quotes in the forefront of his book, "he loved a ballad but even too well."

Some of these homely canticles, which were so grateful to Goldsmith and Addison and Swift and Walton, Mr. Ashton has collected into a goodly volume, with an environment of luxury entirely alien to the "brown sheets and scurvy letter" of their originals. He has also copied with much spirit (one hesitates to use the long-suffering word *facsimile*) the rude old plank-cut designs which adorned and (with some latitude) interpreted them. Many of these, although, like the penny showman's characters, they play diverse parts, have considerable vigour and some pictorial feeling. There is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth prefixed to "The Bride's Good-morrow" which is almost a work of art. Others, as, for example, that to "The London Ladies' Vindication of Top-Knots," which represents a very *décolletée* damsel of the Lely type profusely decorated with patches, are useful indications of costume. Others, again, as the heading to the "Merry Milkmaids" and "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," are so quaint and elementary as almost to arrive at humour. Of the ballads themselves, most of the interest that still clings to them is rather antiquarian than literary. One may learn from "A Posie of Rare Flowers" some of the pretty old garden names ("Start-up and kiss me," to wit); from "Heyho, Hunt about," what were the popular names for women; from "The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars" what fashion of ware they carried in their packs; and from "The Traders Medley" those cries of London which sprightly Mr. Will Honeycomb (surely with superfluous tolerance) christened the *ramage de la ville*:—

Ripe Kentish Cherries for three pence a Pound,
Figg, Figg it away, for I tell you they'r sound,
Hot Pudding Pies, here's two for a Pennie,
Come buy my card Matches, as long as I've anie;
Flowers for your Gardens,
Come buy my bak'd Wardens,
Here's two for a Farthing;
Will you buy my Furbeloe Pears?

"Here's Milk for a Pennie a Quart," says another stanza—a statement from which, however, it would be rash to draw conclusions without very precise data as to the value of the currency. Upon the social ballads, among which the foregoing are classed, follow the supernatural division, perhaps to be more accurately qualified by the adjectives "gruesome" and "grisly" than the much-abused prefix "weird." These deal largely with witches and witch-finding, and the doings generally of his Satanic Majesty, who, in the head-piece to "Strange and True News from Westmoreland," is certainly painted at his blackest. This doleful tragedy, printed "at the Golden Ball in Py Corner," and going (rather incongruously) to the tune of "The Summer Time," relates the condign fate of one Gabriel Harding, who returning home drunk, murdered his wife with a blow on the breast, and was afterwards himself "removed" by the Devil in the guise of a

stranger clothed in green, all of which is attested by "the Chiefest in the parish," who have thereunto set their hands. Another, "The perjured Ship Carpenter" (of Gosport), offers a salutary monition to all young mariners, who, "one foot on land and one on shore," court damsels "to be their dears," and then desert them:—

I hope this may be a warning to ALL
Young men how innocent maids they enthrall.
Young men be constant; and true to your love,
Then a blessing indeed will attend you above.

Le style en est vieux, as Alceste says, but the morality is irreproachable. The "Historical Ballads," which include a picture of the execution of King Charles I. of Blessed Memory, and bewail the "most solid FUNERAL" of his son, come next; after these the "Love Ballads," one of which seems expanded from the amatory conceit "I'll be a park and thou shalt be my deer," in *Venus and Adonis*:—

Be thou the Swan,
I'll be the bubbling River,
Be thou the gift,
and I will be the giver.
Be thou the chaste Diana,
and I will be as chaste,
Be thou the Time,
I'll be the hours past.

"Local and Miscellaneous Ballads," "Sporting Songs," "Drinking Songs," and "Songs Naval and Military," make up the collection. One of the last-named examples, recording the adventures of a certain Captain Chilver of the *Benjamin*, supplies that hitherto unfound rhyme to "silver" which long ago taxed even the ingenuity of the author of *The Mikado*. On the whole, Mr. Ashton's compilation is exceedingly interesting, though it may be doubted whether regarded as literature it deserved so sumptuous a setting as a guinea quarto.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

THE question whether man's capacity of silliness is greater in prose or verse has yet, we believe, to be decided. Statistics are wanted, for your poet is somehow able to struggle into print where your prosaist has perforce to remain himself his only public. We venture to think, however, that if comparison might be made and a balance struck, it would be found that the superior ass is the poet. In the very nature of rhyme there is something inimical to reason. The very greatest poets have not scrupled to write nonsense now and then; while others, quite eminent in their degree, have never written anything else. What, then, can we expect of the ordinary human being when he (or she) is tempted to drop into poetry? How should he escape the ironical fate that has snapped up so many of his betters? how, save to his utter destruction, dabble in a material the use of which has proved fatal to the liveliest wits of the world? To them it was sport, to him it is disgraceful death. Perhaps the wisest thing about him is the spirit in which he meets his doom. "'Thank'ee,' said Mr. Toots, 'it's of no consequence. Good night.'" He writes, he rushes into type, and there is an end of him. In the language of Omar of Nuishápúr:—

The eternal Printer from that Press hath poured
Millions of Tootses like him, and will pour.

He fulfils his function (it must be owned) with a certain propriety. Thanks to him, we know the maximum of human foolishness.

In *The Lyric of a Hopeless Love*, the heroine of which, a certain Flora, has much to answer for, there are some four hundred mortal pages, each of which contains, on an average, two stanzas of nine verses apiece. It follows, on a moderate computation and allowing for breaks, that Mr. Wilson has found it impossible to mourn the hopes that leave him in less than seven thousand six hundred and fifty octo-syllabics, exclusive of the Sonnet introductory, or "Key-Note" (for so he calls it), which puts on to the gross amount the orthodox fourteen more. Has Flora read them all, we wonder? And if she has, does she regret her coldness? Or is she sensible enough to rejoice in it? If she had accepted her bard, the world had been the poorer by close on eight thousand verses; so that, if she is patriotically inclined, and has any kind of feeling for the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, she has ample ground for sorrow. For the fact is, Mr. Wilson's Muse is beyond conception fluent, and as Mr. Wilson is prodigal of words without even a show of consideration for their meaning, and selects his rhymes with a fine regard for sound and a magnificent contempt of sense, the confusion he produces in the reader's mind is scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere. Here is a stanza taken more or less at random from the eight hundred and fifty or so in which he has deemed it incumbent upon him to have it out with Flora:—

Because thou art perfection ripe,
I took thee for my theme,
Knowing that if I sang the type
Of esperance supreme,

* *The Lyric of a Hopeless Love*. By A. Stephen Wilson. London: Walter Scott.

Some Dainty Rhymes. By Waldo Messaros. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartranft.

Darkness and Daylight. By "Libra." London: Baldoek.

A Leaf from Mare Antony. By Benjamin George Ambler. London: Elliot Stock.

Rachel; and Other Poems. By I. S. Birmingham: Cornish.

David Western. By Alfred Hayes, M.A. Birmingham: Cornish.

The Islanders. By Edward Kane. London: Elliot Stock.

* *A Century of Ballads*. Collected, edited, and illustrated in Facsimile of the Originals by John Ashton. London: Elliot Stock.

My words will double import bear,
Thy love and that which man will heir
When beauty shall redeem—
The starry scope of what subtends
The apex in thy soul which ends.

Is it wonderful that Flora should have been cruel? What young lady who respects herself and her mother-tongue would calmly endure the reproach of an apex ending in her soul and being subtended by the starry scope of something that is dreadfully nameless? "No wavering thought," pipes the poet a page or two before,

Unfaithful roves
To any bower of secret groves
Where leman smiles or frowns.

One can imagine better news for Flora than that; and when Mr. Wilson, preparing to take leave of her (and his proofs), calls out in impassioned tones,

O, Flora, Flora, nevermore
Can bardic haunts to me restore
The shades with thee replete,

one can imagine her a little puzzled as to the writer's meaning, but hoping dimly that he thus signifies his intention of resigning the practice of the Muse, and uncommonly glad in the prospect.

"The author," says Mr. Waldo Messaros, "offers this little cage of singing-birds to the public with much diffidence and hesitation, and only because the voice of friendship called more loudly than that of inclination." It is the old business—this of the "partial friends"; and the wonder is that it has never yet been recognized by anybody who happened to be furnished with them that, the truth is, they are the poetaster's deadliest enemies. But this is by the way. Mr. Messaros goes on to note that, however this may be, "they"—the singing-birds aforesaid—"have given him comfort in many lonely hours" (with which, one would think, he might well have been satisfied) "and have been the means of many lasting friendships" (what more does the young man want?); but he "hopes that some heart-gates may be open to them, and that, entering, they may make grateful music in return for gracious hospitality." The wish is touching; the sentiment is neither inhuman nor immoral. But in the name of all that is Apollonian, what sort of hospitality can be expected for, and what sort of friendship with what sort of people could have been engendered by, such verses as these—

Where are the heavens that stooped to thy spindles
Bosomed and boweled with ominous gloom?
Swept by the besom of summer that kindles
The hearth of the gods with the glory of noon—

which Mr. Messaros is valiant enough to address "To a Pine Tree"? We should add that he is not always so original as here. His Muse is generally fluent, and is sometimes quite melodious; and now and then, as in "Spring in Hellas" (which begins, however, with the unfortunate statement that he "trumped upon the *sasa*"), he contrives to write verse that is both genuine and graceful. But he should not address his mother as "Form of Juno"; and, in singing such mysteries as the birth of Eros, he should know better than (like a sportive linendraper) to begin his song with the bathos of his first two verses—

When Chaos wooed the Virgin Night,
And tore her robe in tender strife—

and imagine that any one will read further.

The poetry in *Darkness and Daylight* is too wonderful for description or analysis. The author's numbers are a trifle rugged; her rhymes, like ill-matched couples, often clamour for divorce; such "effusions of sensibility" as she contrives to produce in earnest were beyond the genius of the mildest parodist to produce in jest. Her morals (it is just to add) are unexceptionable, while her cast of mind is serious and pensive in no mean degree. Thus, she is found extracting the moral of a Calico Ball in a way that William Wordsworth himself would have approved—

It was all to me, just
As much worth as the dust,
And will serve throughout life as my guide;

though, like ourselves, he might have failed to catch the exact drift of it. The story of the life and death of the "young and beautiful Cashmerian maiden," who chanced "in her frequent wanderings among the mountains to form the acquaintance of an officer of the Christian faith"—a strange and novel term for a curate, by the way, and a strange and novel place!—and who—

While shoeless she fled from her mountains
To roam where the great Earth-god reigned—

came to a bad end "under a cathedral porch" in merry England, is one long dream of delight; so is her "Ride with Oneiros"; so (in short) is everything she has done.

Mr. Ambler's initial poem, "A Leaf from Marc Antony," sends us back to our Shakespeare, and sets us quoting with a new rapture. His "Eurydice" has a certain lyric movement, tame and inefficient though it be; his "Alcestis" is lacking neither in dignity nor in sentiment; his "Proof" is a parable ingenious and by no means ineffective; his other essays are less to be commended. His intentions are strictly honourable; but he lapses now and then into such statements as this:—

My haughty passions soaring wild
Fold up their wings, and nestle mild
Beneath her soft affection;

or this other:—

Along life's byways come to me
Two tired feet and slender,
Whereon I gaze as reverently
As on a vision's splendour.

Perhaps the best thing in his book is this:—

Dear, if I to thee could bring
Any gift that holds no sting,
Any cause for mirth the years
Never should transmute to tears,

I should tread where none have trod—
None, except the Very God:—

In which the thought is just and the expression at least adequate. Better craftsmanship than Mr. Ambler's and a richer vocabulary are to be found in *Rachel; and Other Poems*. The tone and sentiment are unaffectedly and simply pious; the manner is Tennysonian; the writer has a trick of moralizing—as in the copies of verse entitled "On a Faded Harebell," "Green Leaves," "A Raindrop"—to name but these—which suggests a devout student of Wordsworth. The *Rachel* of the opening number reminds us rather of a pupil of the Laureate and Miss Yonge than of the wife of Jacob; but her meditation is well written, and has a mild fervour of idea and expression which will commend it to readers of a certain class. In a little cycle of sonnets—"Nanfazel Bay," "Kynance Cove," and so forth—there is more art, and there is also a stronger inspiration. A "Child's Birthday Hymn" is quite a good thing of its kind. The whole book, in fact, is more or less above mediocrity; it is a gathering of echoes, but they ring true, and are prettily contrived and phrased. Much the same may be said of Mr. Hayes's new poem, *David Western*—a long narrative in blank verse. But for Lord Tennyson it would never have been written at all; so that it is no fit reading for such as hold all imitative work superfluous. Those who think otherwise will find it interesting enough. Mr. Hayes has the virtues of sincerity of mind and loftiness of aim; he looks at nature with a most constant heart, howbeit he has an all-too Tennysonian cast in his eye; he has plenty of thoughts and plenty of words; and he has caught so much of the master's manner that he may be said to have found it a liberal education. If that be enough to make him a great poet, then is *David Western* a great poem.

Mr. Kane appears to have suffered; at all events he prefaces his work with a familiar stave from the *Inferno*, and he dedicates it, with much solemnity and excess of particularity, "To the Memory of the Days When it was First Begun." It is called *The Islanders*; it is couched in the Spenserian stanza; it is described as "A Poem in Seven"—not books, as the modern fashion hath it, but—"Cantos," which takes back the swift-minded to the brave days of Byron and Scott, and from which, if the swift mind is master of its choice, it will probably decline to return. For the scene of Mr. Kane's epic is "an island in the far seas . . . peopled by a race sprung from a Grecian hero, and a maiden sprung from the Sea"; and the events he has to narrate are worthy of the scene and the race. "Love and liberty," it appears, "are the laws of the island, and as yet have never been transgressed"; but, as constancy is an essential in law the first, while the bearings of law the second appear to be capable of no particular application, there can be no doubt that the condition of things is far from ideal. This reflection occurs with force to Glaucus, the High-Priest of the Sea. He is happily married to a fair and faithful one, whose name is Evanthe; and the Island is pre-eminently a place of "white limbs," "lilled limbs," "sweet limbs," "white wondrous limbs," "naked white of limbs," "harmonies of limbs," "lovely limbs," "wondrous limbs," "white wonders of maidenhood," "warm white curves," and all the rest of it. But he pines for Paris (as it were), and therewith for "sensual delights, lawless loves, and enjoyments free from the fetters of religion." One night he has a dream of (so to speak) a classic ballet at the Eden Theatre; and after this his mind gives way, and he is moved to relate the principal features of his dream to the night-winds and the stars. Evanthe listens unseen, and is shocked by the story, as any decent matron would. She demands the renewal of his love, as wives will under such circumstances, and Glaucus is so much incensed thereby that he slays her on the spot. That done, he addresses her in a speech of sixty lines or so, concluding in this wise:—

Lo, for this one last night we lie again,
Besom to besom as in hours of yore,
Lips laid to lingering lips—hearts full and fain!

As he says, so he does; and in the morning he tells the Islanders that "his life-dream is lost, and all its beautiful rivers fail." The Islanders are content, and some days after a babe of the female sex is cast upon their shores in a golden casket. This is the beginning of their woe, for Glaucus (to put things briefly) comes in time to regard the foundling as (metaphorically speaking) a substitute for Paris and the Eden ballet. She is more or less betrothed to his son Dion; but to this bold bad man, this *viveur manqué*, that matters nothing. He pursues her with improper overtures; she withers him with refusal; and he takes advantage of the fact that she has ideas of her own about religion to have her offered up, Andromeda-wise, to the Sea-god. She is rescued by Dion (who takes care to bring with him "the garments meet for her white maidenhood") on a raft, and the two float out together "to a deathless Now," while the Island, stricken with

earthquake and a tidal wave, sinks comfortably to the bottom of the sea.

"'Thank'ee!' said Mr. Toots. 'It's of no consequence. Good-night.'"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Memoirs of the late M. de Falloux (1) make so much the most important book in their own department of French literature which has appeared recently, that they deserve not merely a first place, but a place to themselves. Taking literary and intellectual ability together with excellence of character, and adding the advantages of station and general accomplishment, M. de Falloux was not far from being the best man that the Royalist party in France has had to show since Chateaubriand. If he had not the eloquence of Berryer or of Montalembert, he was a much better Royalist than the latter and had other advantages over the former. In his literary work he for the most part chose to serve as herald to his friends, Mme. Swetchine, Lacordaire, Cochin, and others, but he was quite worthy of the "green palms" of the Académie. He must evidently have taken considerable pains over this book, of which he lived to see some proofs, and which his nephew, M. de Blois, has completed. Its interest is certainly great. To the merely general reader that interest may appear to diminish after the first two hundred pages, in which M. de Falloux is chiefly anecdotic. He tells us first of the state of his country-side, the Angevin border of La Vendée, in his youth before the escape of Mme. de Berry made the July Government reduce La Vendée to an ordinary condition of things. He gives personal accounts of divers delightful country gentlemen, the most delightful being a certain M. de Candé, who, in the severity of his principles, first attempted to unroof, and then did actually wall off, part of his château when it was contaminated by Orleanist troops, but whose natural hospitality led him to convey fruit, game, and so forth, by secret means, to his politically-detested guests. M. de Falloux tells, from the account of the yeoman who saw it, the story of the murder (for murder it certainly was by all the laws of war as well of peace) of Cathelineau, and he has anecdotes not merely of some of the men of 1830 who frequented Royalist society for a time (Hugo had ceased to be a Legitimist almost before M. de Falloux's day), such as Sue, Balzac, and Sainte-Beuve, but of others, such as Bourmont, whose supposed treason he warmly denies. He early made a pilgrimage to pay his respects to the twice-exiled royal family in their vast and dreary retreat of the Hradschin at Prague, and he may be said to have known Henri Cinq all his life.

The greater part of the book, however, is occupied with the part taken by M. de Falloux himself in politics, from the time when he first entered the Chamber in the late years of the July Monarchy to the last blunder of the Monarchists a dozen years ago. And here the interest, though by no means lessened, appeals to a smaller class of persons; for it is almost wholly political, and to understand the book it is necessary to be acquainted with the very intricate political history of France during the last forty years. It is almost unnecessary to say that the perusal leaves us with no lessened opinion, either of the probity of M. de Falloux, of the unwisdom of the extreme Royalists, or of the fatal irresolution and lack of judgment of their master. The Count's own *mot* when an enthusiastic *fil des croisés*, Théodore de Quatrebarbes, had discovered in Henri Cinq a "Henri Quatre corrigé par St.-Louis"—"Ah! mon cher, je me contenterais d'un Charles Dix corrigé par Louis XVIII."—is a sound as well as a smart epigram. But we are bound to say that the same perusal has, if possible, lessened our opinion of the wisdom, the practicability, or the adaptation to any possible good result of the policy of the *Droite Modérée*. M. de Falloux, no doubt, did not invent that policy, and was not responsible for its invention. But we know no example in history which gives any hope of success, and we are sure that this example gives a sure presage of disaster, to any plan of trying to serve two masters in a similar way. Let us grant that total abstention from all public life, except on occasions of armed insurrection, is not desirable in such a case as that of the French Royalists; that a man may even allow himself to be sent to Parliament by electors who know and agree with his principles. But we cannot ourselves conceive by what casuistry a Royalist such as M. de Falloux could have allowed himself to be the Minister and adviser of a Republican President, and that President a Bonaparte. We are no great admirers of "the people" in the ordinary sense of the word; but we are sure that "the people" always judges, and rightly judges, a party which condescends to such a policy as a party which is either lost or deserves to be lost. Independently of this general error, the Moderate Right seems to have constantly committed two particular errors. It never quite knew whether it meant to serve Pope or King first; and it always blenched when matters came to the drawing of the sword, though it was quite ready to blow the horn. It has always seemed to us most ungenerous to accuse the Count of Chambord of hesitation and cowardice when these wise counsellors of his were constantly deprecating any attempt at a Loch-na-Nuagh or a Fréjus. It is at least possible that the White Flag might have been thrown to the winds in 1848 with success; we are afraid we must say that it could have met with no disaster more ignominious than the series of draggings in the mud by its own bearers, especially the Mode-

rates, which it has undergone since. At the same time, no qualified historical student will deny a hearing to a policy represented by such men as Berryer and M. de Falloux himself; and they will find everything that can be said for it here. We cannot spare the book more space at present; but it may be repeated that the general reader can hardly fail to read part, at least, of it with pleasure, while every page is instructive to the politician. Especially may it be commended to any politicians who look forward some day to having to play a part such as that of M. de Falloux, and who hope to play it, not with purer intentions or greater abilities, but with better luck.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE *Autobiography and Reminiscences of Sir Douglas Forsyth* (Bentley), edited by his daughter, is the record of a distinguished career in Anglo-Indian diplomacy and exploration set forth within the reasonable limits of a single volume. We learn from the *Autobiography*—which is unfinished, and occupies only the first four chapters—that Sir Douglas Forsyth in his school days was considered a dull boy, and it was the mere report that his father had described him as the dunce of the family that spurred him to action. Other reported dullards have been moved to assert themselves by similar salutary yet galling means. By his success at Haileybury College, when preparing for the Indian Civil Service, his shortcomings at Rugby were speedily forgotten. A pleasant story is told of his early experience of official life in India. It appears that he declined an appointment at Simla at Rs. 400 per month, because he found by the rules of the Service he was entitled to draw Rs. 500 monthly if on sick leave only. This not unnatural decision provoked a strong letter from Lord Dalhousie's secretary, in which Forsyth was soundly rated for preferring idleness on Rs. 500 to doing his work on Rs. 400. The little misunderstanding, however, was soon rectified. The *Autobiography* ends somewhat abruptly with the story of the mission to Russia in 1869, when the interminable Afghan boundary question and British relations with Shere Ali engaged the diplomatist's skill and tested his tenacity. At this date Sir Douglas Forsyth had been led to study Central Asian politics, while endeavouring to open up fresh commercial channels between India and the North-West, from which attempts resulted the important expeditions of 1870 and 1873 to Kashgar and Yarkund. Every one interested in the geography of Thibet and Eastern Turkestan and the extension of Indian trade with Central Asia is familiar with the story of these missions. It is a story that well repays perusal in this lucid and entirely readable book.

The period embraced by Lady Jackson's latest studies in French history—*The Last of the Valois, 1559-1589* (Bentley)—is peculiarly rich in contemporary records, and possibly for this reason is extremely seductive to writers who attempt what may be called the sectional presentment of history. This method possesses obvious advantages to the picturesque writer, who is more allured by the glow and movement of the memoir-writers and annalists than intent on sifting their contradictions and discrepancies. Periods also are easily determined, being of perfectly arbitrary limits. The danger lies in the errors of accent that spring from over-concentration, by which incidents of little moment assume mirage-like proportions. Lady Jackson has not altogether avoided diffuseness, though in the selection and use of material these volumes show an industry that is well applied on the whole. The historic muse is perhaps not dignified by the sensational headings of certain pages, or the too frequent allusions to Catherine de' Médicis's "flying squadron" of light ladies, and such phrases as the "Demon of the South."

Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke's historical drama *Robert Emmet* (Putnam's Sons) is made up of six acts of dialogue or declamation, written throughout in prose, and illustrated by an "artotype" of the Comerford miniature, facsimiles of pencil drawings taken during the trial of Emmet, and other sketches. There is not much to be said for the dramatic quality of Mr. Clarke's play, though his book is nicely got-up. To judge from the character of Emmet, as here presented, the drama is written for the theatre. Emmet is made too stagey, and the "business" directions are sometimes a little difficult. In the first act the hero observes to his friend, Lord Wycombe, "They are taunting me, and they cannot put down my indignation with a sneer" [*stands grimly*]. At p. 94 this strange direction is repeated.

Jack's Yarn; or, Perils in the Pacific, by Robert Brown, A.B. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), appears to be a belated Christmas book, though a capital book for any season, original in conception, brightly written, and full of excitement and diversion. Jack's yarn is the fruitful source of many, some of which are likely to lift the eyelids of seamen as well as landfolk, and Jack himself is a superb specimen of the ancient mariner, who saw the battle of Trafalgar, and ought to have been promoted from "A.B." long before he arrived at the age of ninety-four.

The reader of Mr. H. C. Davidson's Manx story, *Mad or Married?* (Allen & Co.) will probably find the question as hard to solve as the Manx joke "Hi, Kelly!" So far as the heroine of this extremely sensational tale is concerned we are inclined to think that she is less mad than her admirers. Whether in her astral body she was married on the Scottish shore to a sympathetic landscape-painter must be left to some subtle-souled psychologist.

(1) *Mémoires d'un royaliste*. Par le Comte de Falloux. Two vols. Paris: Perrin.

A Ride through Syria, by Edward Abram (Abram & Son), is a brief, but readable, account of a journey from Jaffa through Damascus to Baalbec, the fruits of a vacation ramble undertaken in the commendable spirit that defies disappointment.

Mr. H. Halliday Sparling has edited for the "Camelot Series" the translation by Messrs. Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris of the *Folsungasaga* (Walter Scott).

Among our new editions we have Mr. Stephen Dowell's *History of Taxation and Taxes in England* (Longmans & Co.), in four volumes; Thackeray's *From Cornhill to Cairo*, in Messrs. Routledge's "Pocket Library"; *The Cartons*, the "Pocket Volume Edition" (Routledge); and *Mud*, a novel, "by the Marquis Biddle-Cope" (Ward & Downey).

Dr. WALDSTEIN (whose presence at a political meeting at Cambridge was announced in some daily papers and was commented on in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 28) is M.A. and Litt.D. of Cambridge. He received an honorary degree in 1882; and he became by the operation of the statute and by residence a fully qualified Master of Arts. Dr. WALDSTEIN, who is also a member of King's College, University Reader in Classical Archaeology, and Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, can therefore vote at Cambridge, though he passed no undergraduate career there. The Librarian cannot vote in the House of Commons. We believe that Dr. WALDSTEIN did not attend Mr. DILLON's meeting as a Home Ruler or as a Unionist, and that he desires to take no active part in English politics.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OR

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,695, FEBRUARY 11, 1888:

The Debate on the Address.

Sir Henry Maine. Prince Bismarck's Speech.

Local Government. Seven Hundred a Year.

Mr. Gladstone's Return. Lord Durham and Sir George Chetwynd.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The Cardinal's Dilemma.

The Last Speeches of the Recess. Naval Administration.

A Suggestion to the Able Editor.

The Sea-Urchin.

"De Mortuis." The Pope and the Pilgrims.

Hares. "Samson" at the People's Palace.

The State of the Stock Exchange. Exhibitions.

Recent Concerts. "Ariane."

Sport in Bengal.

Novels. The Wyne.

Memorials of the West. The Signs of Old Lombard Street.

Novels. Flour Manufacture.

The Life of Mrs. Abington. Cookery Books.

The Classical Review. A Century of Ballads.

Some Volumes of Verse. French Literature.

New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE is Hereby Given that the President and Council will proceed to ELECT, on Tuesday, March 6, TWO TURNER ANNUITANTS. Applications for the Turner Annuity, which is of the value of £50, must be Artists of repute in need of aid through the unavoidable failure of professional employment or other causes. Forms of Application can be obtained by letter, addressed to the SECRETARY, Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly. They must be filled in and returned on or before Saturday, March 3.

By Order.

FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. The YEAR CLOSED with a DEFICIT OF OVER £8,000. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond, 40 Charing Cross, S.W.

ARTHUR E. READE, Secretary.

LENT OFFERINGS.

HOME MISSIONS of the CHURCH of ENGLAND (ADDITIONAL CURATES SOCIETY),

ARUNDEL HOUSE, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, W.C.

"It would be totally impossible for the present work of the Church of England to be carried on with half its efficiency if it were not for the help of this Society in our most important places."—ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"The best of the excellent Church Societies."

LORD ADDINGTON.

THE SOCIETY AIMS at bringing the good tidings of the Gospel to the EARS and HEARTS of the ignorant and indifferent IN OUR OWN LAND.

858 GRANTS VOTED, AMOUNTING TO £56,000 A YEAR.

An EARNEST APPEAL is made for INCREASED SUPPORT, so urgently needed both for the maintenance of the Grants already voted towards the stipends of Home Mission Curates, as well for affording similar Aid to numerous other PARISHES, POOR, POPULOUS, and yet ILL SUPPLIED with the CHURCH'S MINISTRY.

The employment of additional MISSIONARY CLERGY implies increased ministrations to the WANTS, PHYSICAL as well as SPIRITUAL, of the poor.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS, ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS, and DONATIONS will be thankfully received. COLLECTING BOXES (for which application should be made to the Secretary) will be supplied through the local Clergy, to those who will kindly undertake to collect.

Cheques, Postal and Post-Office Orders should be crossed Messrs. COUTTS.

JOHN GEORGE DEED, M.A., Secretary.

CHURCH of ENGLAND CENTRAL SOCIETY for PROVIDING HOMES for WAIFS and STRAYS.

OFFICES: 32 CHARING CROSS, S.W.

The object of this Society is to rescue from vicious surroundings the Orphans and Destitute Children met with in every parish, and especially in large towns.

The Committee make a point of not accepting any case which could more properly be dealt with by the Legislature, such as the Poor Law and School Boards. They are also most careful to avoid relieving unworthy parents of their responsibility, and therefore invariably give the preference to children who have neither parents nor relations able to provide for them.

Our great need is additional support to the General Fund, which supports the homes and the boarded-out children.

Prospectuses, and collecting cards and boxes, will be gladly supplied by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. DE M. RUSSELL, 32 Charing Cross, S.W., who will thankfully receive contributions; or they may be paid to the account of the Society at Messrs. DINSMORE & CO.'S, 56 Cornhill, E.C.

Forms of application for the admission of children can be had from the Hon. SECRETARY.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.—Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

EDUCATIONAL.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE, Heidelberg.

Principals.

Dr. A. HOLZBERG, Ph.D., M.A., Heidelberg.
A. B. CATTY, R.A., Christ's Coll., Cantab.
WALTER LAWRENCE, M.A., St. John's, Oxon.

Special coaching for Army and all Examinations.
Sandhurst, November 1887, L. H. Macgavin passed 6th. (First trial; only Candidate sent up.)

ROYAL INDIAN ENGINEERING COLLEGE,

COOPERS HILL, STAINES.

The course of study is arranged to fit an ENGINEER for employment in Europe, India, or the Colonies. About FIFTY STUDENTS will be admitted in September 1888. For Competition the Secretary of State will offer Fifteen Appointments in the Indian Public Works Department and Two in the Indian Telegraph Department. — For particulars, apply to the SECRETARY, at the College.

RADLEY COLLEGE—SIX SCHOLARSHIPS (of the value, four of £50, one of £30, one of £20, tenable for four years, will be offered for competition by Examination, commencing June 6, 1888. Candidates must be under fourteen on the 1st January, 1888.—For further particulars, apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

CLIFTON COLLEGE—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. NINE or more OPEN TO COMPETITION at MIDSEMER, 1888. Value from £25 to £50, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in cases of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

ROSSALL SCHOOL.—EIGHT SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for Competition in 1888. Examination on March 14, 15, and 16, at Rossall or at Oxford. Scholarships vary in value from 70 Guineas (covering fees) to £20 per annum. Subjects of Examination mainly Classical or Mathematical.—For further particulars apply to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Rossall, Fleetwood.

MESSRS. BUSHNELL & ERSKINE, Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, assisted by a Wrangler, prepare PUPILS for UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION and WOOLWICH and SANDHURST. 12 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham.

VERSAILLES, Rue Saint-Antoine, 20.—GENTLEMEN'S SONS, desirous of acquiring FRENCH, are received in the family of Pastor BRAUD, REFERENCE is kindly permitted to His Grace the Duke of Portland, the Ven. Archbishop F. W. Farrer, Lady Pollock, 59 Montague Square, and Mrs. Bateman, 54 Longridge Road, Earl's Court, Kensington.

BRADFIELD COLLEGE, BERKS. FOUR FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS, annual value Ninety and Eighty guineas (covering Tuition and Boarding Fees). FOUR WARDEN'S ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS, annual value Fifty guineas, and FOUR MINOR ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS, annual value Thirty guineas, will be offered for competition by Examination, beginning May 29, 1888. Candidates must be between Eleven and Fifteen on August 1, 1888. Subjects of Examination—Divinity, Classics, Mathematics. Boys destined for a Modern Side education may offer French instead of Greek, and are eligible for the Exhibitions only. Separate Papers for those over and under Thirteen. For further particulars apply to the WARDEN.

EIGHT ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS.—£60, £50, £40, for Boarders, or £12 for Day Boys, on March 13. Apply before March 11, to A. TALBOT, Esq., GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BEDFORD.

HEAD-MASTER REQUIRED for the EASTBOURNE COLLEGE after the Summer Term. Graduate in honours of Oxford or Cambridge. Applications, stating age, with copies of Testimonials, to be forwarded before March 10, to the Secretary, from whom further information may be obtained.
G. W. MACAULAY, Lieut.-Col., Secretary.

Legion of Honour, 1873. Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883. Gold Medals and other distinctions.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS, from 35 guineas upwards. 18, 20, and 22 Wigmore Street, London, W. Lists free.

ILFRACOMBE.—ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. The most comfortable Winter Residence in the Kingdom. Mild and equable temperature, and absence of all extremes. Visitors received "en pension." Descriptive tariff of Manager.

FREEHOLD BUILDING GROUND, CITY OF LONDON, IN THE NEW APPROACH TO BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, February 11, 1888, at Half-past Twelve o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for taking on BUILDING LEASES for a term of eighty years several plots of very valuable FREEHOLD GROUND, between Botolph Lane, Lower Thames Street, and the new street extension to Billingsgate Market. Further particulars, with conditions and printed Forms of Proposal, may be had on application at the Office of the Engineer to the Commission in the Guildhall. The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the highest or any proposal. Persons making proposals must attend personally or by a duly authorized agent on the above-mentioned day at Half-past twelve o'clock precisely, and the parties whose offers are accepted will be required to execute an agreement and bond at the same time. Proposals must be endorsed on the outside "Tender for Ground," and be delivered in addressed to the undersigned before Twelve o'clock on the said day of treaty.
Sewers' Office, Guildhall,
January, 1888.
HENRY BLAKE,
Principal Clerk.

Mr. C. B. HARNESS, the eminent Medical Electrician and Inventor of the world-famed Electropathic Belt (price 21s. post free) may be consulted daily free of charge, personally or by letter, at the **ELECTROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT** of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. (corner of Rathbone Place). All in search of health should call to-day if possible, or write at once. Thousands of testimonials. Note only address, as above.

CARDINAL AND HARFORD,

The oldest established Importers of

ORIENTAL

CARPETS.

THE LEVANT WAREHOUSE,

108 & 109 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

A.B.C. AMERICAN BREAKFAST CEREALS.

A. B. C. White Wheat; A. B. C. White Oats; A. B. C. Barley Food; A. B. C. Yellow Maize. Steam-cooked. Ready for table in fifteen minutes. The most nutritious, easily-digested foods. They contain all the elements necessary for producing a strong and healthy body and mind, and for preserving both in that condition. Sold by Grocers, &c. Particulars of B. LAMPE, 44 Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

FOUNDED 1835.

FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

CLAIMS PAID, £7,000,000. FUNDS, £4,360,000. PROFITS DECLARED, £3,400,000.

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES ON VERY FAVOURABLE TERMS.

46 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

A. SMITHER, Actuary and Secretary.

STANDARD LIFE OFFICE.

HALF A MILLION paid in

Death Claims every year.

Funds—SIX AND A HALF MILLIONS, increasing yearly.

83 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

3 FALM MALL EAST, W.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836.

LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN—1 UNION TERRACE.

INCOME and FUNDS (1886).

Fire Premiums	£282,000
Life Premiums	198,000
Interest	198,000
Accumulated Funds	£3,297,000

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1721.

7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, AND 43A FALM MALL, S.W.

Marine, Fire, and Life Assurances have been granted by the Corporation for more than a century and a half.
Funds in hand exceed £3,400,000.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.

LOMBARD STREET and CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1785.

Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.

Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.

WILLIAM C. MACDONALD, Joint Secretaries.

FRANCIS B. MACDONALD, Joint Secretaries.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. 1 and 23 FALM MALL, S.W.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,500,000.

E. COZEN & SMITH, General Managers.

BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

ESTABLISHED 1831.
THREE per CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuable Collections of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.
FRANCIS B. MACDONALD, Manager.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

For Improved and Economic Cooking.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

The only and guaranteed GENUINE Justus von Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

The finest Meat-Flavouring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

Efficient TONIC in all cases of Weakness and Digestive Disorders.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

GENUINE ONLY with facsimile of JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE in BLUE INK across label.

ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.

With BLUE SIGNATURE.

A LUXURY HITHERTO UNKNOWN

IN ENGLAND.

BARBER & COMPANY'S FRENCH COFFEE.

(See that you have none other.) As used in Paris in its highest perfection, 104. per lb. This is the choicest and most carefully selected Coffee "roasted on the French principle," and mixed with the finest Bruges Chicory. 2 lbs. sample in tins sent free for 2s. 4d. by parcels post to any post town in the United Kingdom and Channel Islands; 5 lbs. in tins for 5s. 6d.; 8 lbs. in tins for 8s. 10d.

BARBER & COMPANY, 274 REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
61 Bishopsgate Street, E.C. Brighton—147 North Street. Manchester—50 Market St.
22 Westbourne Grove, W. Birmingham—Quadrant, New St.
King's Cross, N. Liverpool—1 Church Street
45 Great Titchfield Street, W. and Minster Buildings and London Road.

"PUT UP A PICTURE IN YOUR ROOM."—LEIGH HUNT.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART GALLERY,

74 NEW OXFORD STREET.

SPLENDID COPIES OF THE OLD MASTERS.

From all the celebrated Galleries of Europe, in PERMANENT AUTOTYPE.

H.M.'s COLLECTIONS BUCKINGHAM PALACE and WINDSOR CASTLE, THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

GRAND AUTOTYPES from the PAINTINGS in these COLLECTIONS.

THE ART OF BARTOLOZZI. One Hundred Examples.

THE "LIBER STUDIORUM" OF TURNER.

Copies of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Rare Works from the Print-Room, British Museum.

Paintings, Drawings, Engravings, Photographs, &c. carefully Framed.

An Illustrated Pamphlet, "Autotype in Relation to Household Art," with Press Notices, free per post.

Fine-Art Catalogue, 124 pp. price 6d. free per post.

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, LONDON.

THROAT AND COUGH.

SORENESS and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing.

Sold in Tins, 1s. 1½d., labelled "JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London."